

# CHANDAMAMA

JUNE 1995

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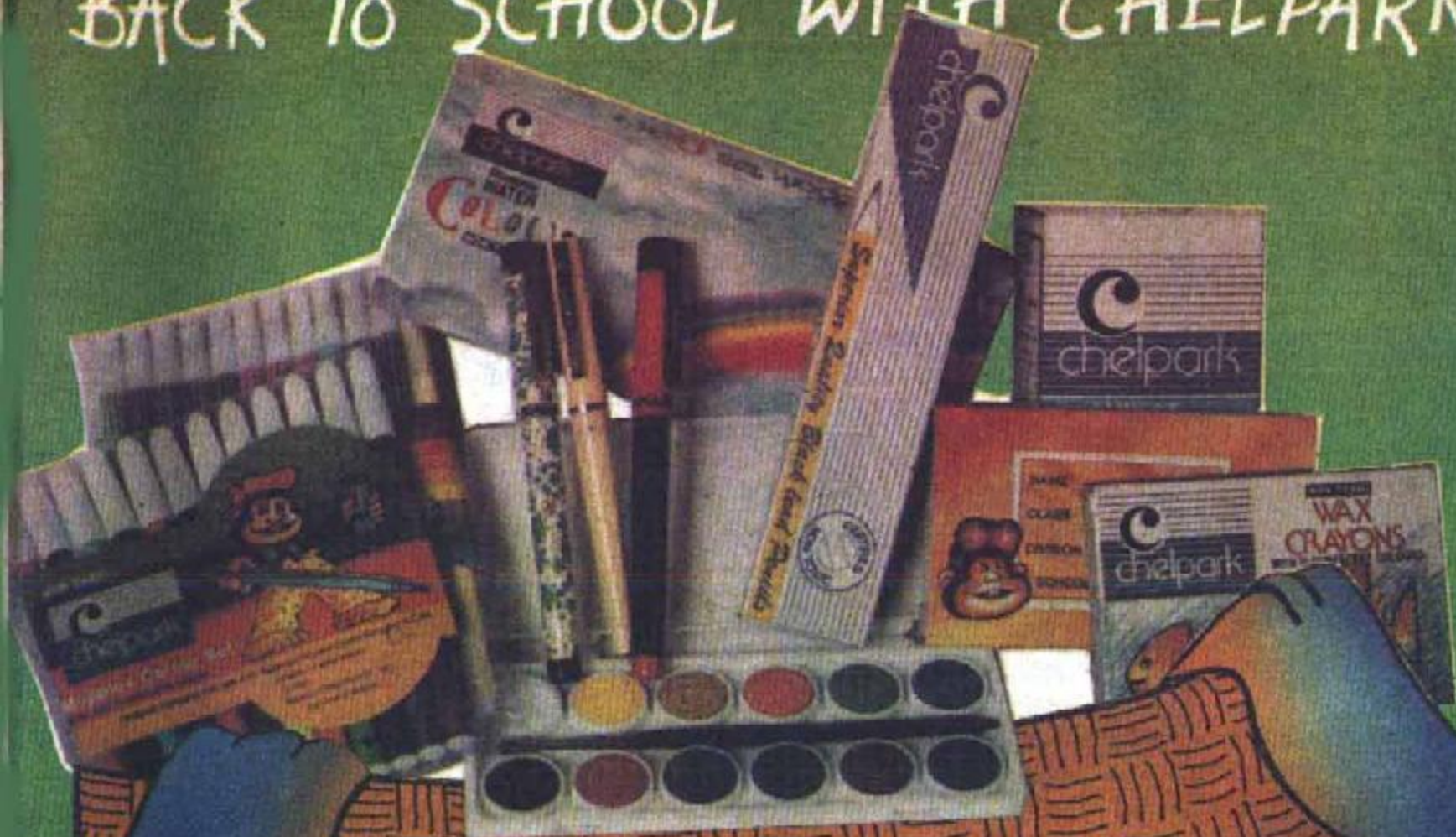
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# CHANDAMAMA

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## NEXT ISSUE

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**SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINDBAD :** Hindbad, a mere porter, happens to be invited by Sindbad to partake of a meal with him. He finds the famous sailor not at all angry with him for using abusive language. The meal over, Hindbad is even asked to stay back to listen to the stories of his adventures. Sindbad tells him that when he was a young man, he came by the money left by his father. He bought some merchandise and joined some traders on their boat heading for the Persian Gulf. On seeing an island, they sailed there only to find that it was a moving one! A huge whale! They jumped into the sea; their ship sailed away without Sindbad, who later reached a strange kingdom. There's more to read about Sindbad's first voyage.

**KING RAGHAVENDRA :** The brahmin boy's curse torments the King of Kanaka who falls ill suddenly. As the day of reckoning nears, he completes the construction of the Ganesha temple. Physician Kamejana asks for a rare herb from the hermitage of Damana. To ask for it is like putting one's head into the mouth of a lion. A messenger is sent with detailed instructions. The missing brahmin boy returns to the kingdom. Will he take back his curse? Will the king's ailment be cured? Suspense mounts in the kingdom.

**PLUS** all other regular features, like **FORTS, MAHABHARATA, and PANCHATANTRA.**

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Founder  
CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor :  
NAGI REDDI

## Beyond the Blackboard

Children's literature abounds in stories which narrate how children - of both royal and common parentage - were sent to schools run by *gurus* living in *ashrams* invariably located in sylvan surroundings inside forests. There was no stipulated syllabus to be followed, no text-books to be read, no lectures to be listened to, no notes to be taken down. The young ones spent all their time with the guru, taking care of the surroundings and the living beings in the ashram, but all the while listening to him. He would tell them the what, who, when, why, and how of things they saw, heard, felt, and smelled. The guru decided how long they should stay with him and when they would return to their palaces and homes. The stories woven round *gurus*, *sishtyas*, and *ashrams* happened "once upon a time".

People from then on to present day times have never tired themselves of praising this 'gurukula' system of education. But the requirements of modern day did not permit emulation of this system, except probably in villages where 'schools' did not have buildings; so there were no classrooms either; and classes were held in the open, beneath trees. Whoever took the classes did not live in the same village but come from afar.

The authorities wanted to bring these makeshift schools on a par with proper schools elsewhere in the country - in towns and cities. Thus was launched the ambitious project called 'Operation Blackboard'. In a nutshell, it aimed at putting up buildings with a minimum two or three classrooms, appointing a minimum two teachers - one of them a woman, and a blackboard for each classroom, and other facilities.

A lot of money was spent; a lot of money allocated for different facilities or equipment remained unspent due to lack of planning. And the so-called schools in villages retained the status they had - beneath trees. So much so, the latest thinking among education planners is not confined to the four walls of a building or within the four corners of a blackboard. The vote is likely for a revival of the gurukula system in villages.





## FISH AND DIAMONDS

Vettala was a village near the sea coast. The inhabitants were mostly fisherfolk. Veera lacked in commonsense, but his wife Veerayi was clever and compensated for her husband's shortcomings. He would go for fishing along with other fishermen. When he returned in the morning, Veerayi would be waiting for him. She would collect the day's catch in baskets and take the fish to the market and sell it for a good price. She thus managed to eke out a living for both of them.

Strangely, neither of them had any fancy for a dish made out of fish and so did not keep back any fish for cooking. One day, Veera was eager to have a fish curry in his meal. He told his wife to spare some fish for themselves and prepare a dish. But Veerayi was keen to sell the entire catch. When she failed to talk him out of the idea, she decided to abide by his wish. "All right," she said,

"but today's fish has a bad smell. Please go and clean them properly."

On his way to clean a basketful of fish, Veera met Chella. "Where are you going?" he asked Veera.

"Oh! I'm taking this fish to get rid of its smell," Veera replied. "I haven't tasted a fish curry for several days now."

"You're a fool, Veera!" remarked Chella. "Do you think that its smell will vanish if you were to clean it with water? The smell will go away only if you dry the fish under the sun. Could I suggest something? I've some dried fish here. I shall give them to you in exchange for the fish you've in your basket. You take this to your wife and ask her to prepare a curry."

Veera thought it was a good proposition. He did not know that Chella had actually stolen them from a shop in the market. If they remained with him, someone might find them and he would be branded



a thief. Here was a good opportunity to get rid of the stolen fish, at the same time be not a loser, too. He coolly passed them to Veera and left the place in a hurry.

Veera took the dry fish home and asked Veerayi to make a curry with it. "But this is not the fish that you took for cleaning!" the woman exclaimed, unbelievably. "From where did you get this dried fish? And what happened to the ones I gave you?"

Veera then told her of his meeting Chella and exchanging the fish with him. Veerayi suspected that they had been cheated by Chella, and that the fool of her husband had been gullible enough to be cheated. She however, kept back one fish and asked him to sell the other three and get back home soon for the meal.

When Veerayi was cutting the fish into pieces, a diamond got loose from it. She picked it up and kept it safe. Evidently, it had been left in the fish by the trader who perhaps wanted to hide some diamonds inside the four fish. It was these four fish that Chella had stolen from his shop.

Meanwhile, the trader had gone to the king with a complaint. He told the king how he had kept the dia-



monds in the fish and how he thought they were safe. "Get hold of all those who have dried fish!" the king ordered his soldiers. Before long, they caught Veera with three fish. He was stupefied; he did not know why he was being taken to the king by the soldiers.

The trader recognised the fish in Veera's hands. "Yes, they're mine," he pleaded. "Four had been stolen in all, but there are only three with him. Where's the fourth one?"

"Did you steal these fish from his shop?" asked the king of Veera.

"No, your majesty!" Veera denied the charge. "I had exchanged my





fish for these dried fish with Chella. I gave one of them to my wife to make a curry and was taking these three to the market for selling them, when I was caught by your soldiers!"

The king sent his soldiers to Veera's house. They took hold of the fish pieces and the diamond, and marched Veerayi to the king's presence. Some soldiers, meanwhile, went and caught Chella, too. He denied that he had any knowledge of the four fish. Somehow, the king had his own doubts. He wanted to test Chella. "All right, if you haven't stolen the fish, let it be so. But the four fish had diamonds inside. Now that you say you did not steal the fish, let Veera keep them." The king had the three fish cut open and handed the four diamonds and the fish to Veera.

Chella had the shock of his life. He had taken the risk of stealing the fish; how then could Veera have the right over the diamonds which were

inside the fish he had stolen? No, he would confess his crime, thought Chella. He also expected the king to accept his right over the fish and the diamonds inside them. He now changed his stand and told the king, "Yes, your majesty, it was I who gave the fish to Veera. Therefore, the diamonds belong to me. Please give them to me."

Now the king had no doubt that the fish were stolen by none other than Chella. He made him confess to his crime and punished him by sending him to prison. He returned the diamonds to the trader, and asked Veera to enjoy the fish curry which his wife would make.

The trader was happy that he got back his diamonds. He rewarded Veera and Veerayi by giving them one of the diamonds. After, all he might have lost all of them if the soldiers had not caught Veera and Chella.





# SPORTS

YESTERDAY  
TODAY  
TOMORROW

## THREE FOR 13



The first hat-trick in bowling in a Test match was made by Willy Bates of England, on January 20, 1883. This happened in Melbourne, where he took the wickets of P.S. Macdonnell (3 runs), G. Giffon (10), and G.J. Bonner (0) of Australia.

## FOOTBALL COMMENTARY

The first ever live radio broadcast of a football game went on air on January 22, 1927. The match was between Halesbury Arsenal and Sheffield United in the First Division League.

## SIX WORLD RECORDS IN THREE DAYS

All these were made in weightlifting, three of them by the same athlete. On May 4, Valerios Leonidis of Greece cleared 183 kg in clean and jerk in the 64 kg category at the European Weightlifting Championships at Warsaw. The record till then was 182 kg in the name of Naim Suleymanoglu of



Turkey, whose Fedial Guler, in the 70 kg lifted 193 kg in clean and jerk (192.5 kg – Yoto Yotov of Bulgaria).

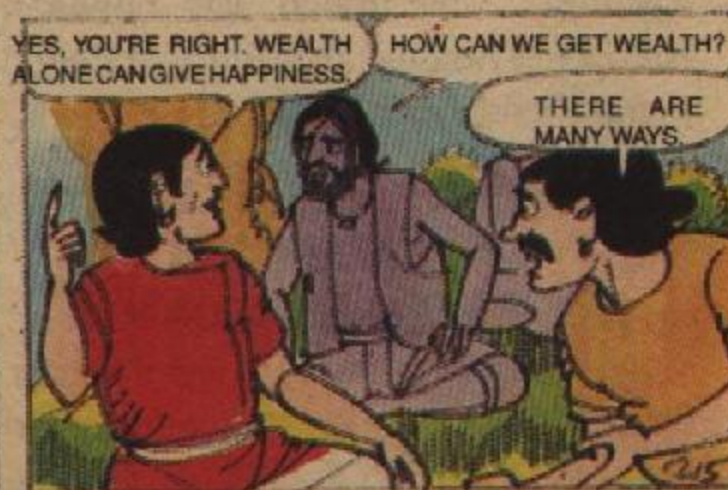
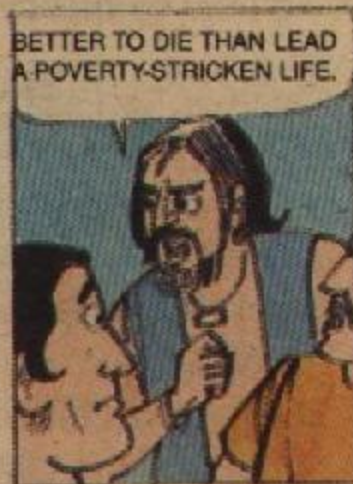
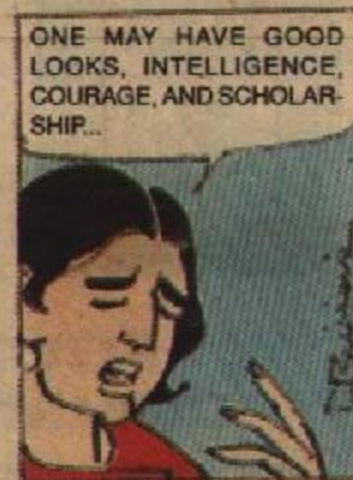
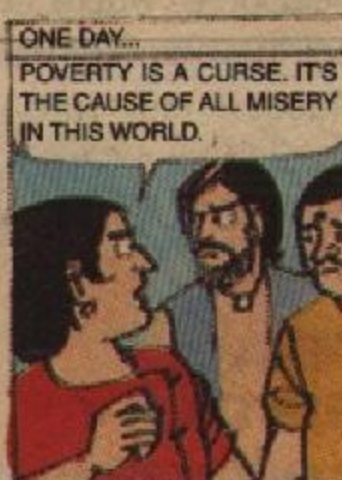
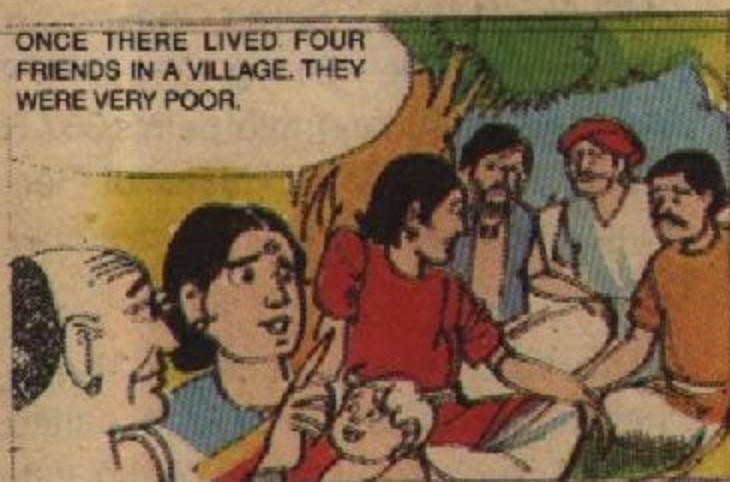
The next day, Greece's Pyrros Dymas broke three world records: 83 kg—snatch – 177.5kg (175kg – Sergo Chakhoyan of Armenia); jerk – 211kg (210.5 kg – Unat Sunay of Turkey); total points 387.5 against 382.5 by Marc Huster of Germany earned at Istanbul in November 1994.

The sixth record came on May 6 when Kachi Kakiashvilis of Greece lifted 228.5kg in clean and jerk (91kg category) breaking the world record of 228 kg held by Aleksy Petrov of Russia.

## SOLE CANDIDATE

There was no bid other than that of Manchester, England, to hold the Commonwealth Games of 2002, which will coincide with the 50th anniversary of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II. It was in 1934 that the Games was last held in England. A meeting of the 68 member countries in November next will confirm the candidature of Manchester which had unsuccessfully bid to host the 1996 and 2000 Olympic Games.

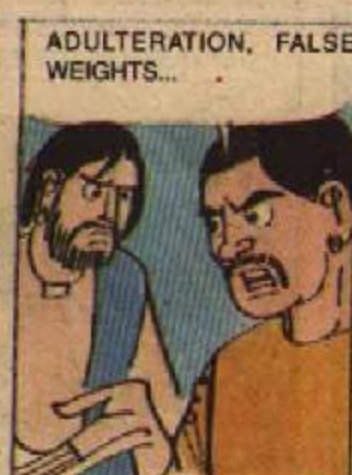




One who habitually distributes food to others will never suffer hunger.

- Thirukkural





Let no man knowingly tell a lie, for, after he has told a lie, his mind will burn with guilt.



THE FRIENDS SET OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF WEALTH.



ON THEIR WAY, THEY MEET AN ASCETIC WHO IS ACTUALLY A WIZARD.

WE'RE POOR PILGRIMS IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE. PLEASE BLESS US!



GOD BLESS YOU! WHAT'S YOUR WISH?



SHOW US A WAY TO GET RID OF OUR POVERTY, SIR!



WE'VE GOOD LOOKS, INTELLIGENCE, COURAGE, YET NOBODY RESPECTS US. SO, WE WANT WEALTH.



I'M PLEASED WITH YOU, MY CHILDREN.



TAKE THESE MAGIC FEATHERS, ONE FOR EACH OF YOU. GO NORTH TOWARDS THE HIMALAYAS...



YES, O REVERED ONE!



WHEREVER A FEATHER FALLS DOWN, ITS OWNER MUST DIG AND HE WILL FIND A TREASURE.



**He who does what is not fit to do, and he who does not do what is fit to do, will both perish.**



OVERJOYED, THE FOUR  
FORTUNE-HUNTERS TAKE  
THEM AND CONTINUE  
THEIR JOURNEY.



ON THEIR WAY...  
HA! MY FEATHER HAS  
FALLEN DOWN.



LET'S DIG HERE AND SEE  
WHAT WE'LL GET.



THEY DIG EAGERLY. LO! AND  
BEHOLD...  
THE SOIL IS ALL COPPER!



I'M LUCKY INDEED!



IT'S ONLY COPPER, AND COP-  
PER IS A CHEAP METAL. LET'S  
PROCEED FURTHER.



I'M CONTENT WITH THIS.  
YOU MAY GO WITHOUT ME.



THE THREE CONTINUE  
THEIR JOURNEY.



AFTER SOME TIME, ANOTHER  
FEATHER DROPS DOWN.  
OH! MY QUILL! LET'S DIG  
HERE.



THEY DIG OUT EAGERLY.



OH! IT IS ALL SILVER!



To bear with patience and to show kindness to those  
who grieve for us are among excellent dispositions.



## Usage makes all the difference

*What is the difference between **in the way** and **on the way**? – S.M. Rao, Jayantipur, Ganjam.*

Sudhir went up to his younger brother Sukumar's study table to steal his set of marbles, but their sister Sunanda came **in the way**, with her note-book asking him to clear some doubts. Before Sudhir sent her away and he could still carry out his mischief, Sukumar returned from school and went straight to his table to keep his school bag there. Another day, Sudhir was going to see a movie. **On the way**, he met his friend Mohan and asked him to join him.

*What is the difference between **sports** and **games**? – Pramod Deshmukh, Nagpur*

The dictionary defines *game* as 'sport of any kind'. In plural form (games), it means athletic sports. The Olympic Games includes athletics (or athletic sports), like sprint, hurdles race, javelin or discus throw, pole vault, swimming, long jump, and other events which are *not* normally categorised as games. Whereas Kabaddi, table tennis, football, hockey, cricket, chess, and carrom (from your list) are all games, which can be sportingly called sports! Mountaineering and horse-riding (also from your list) are not games; they are only sporting events. Shall we say, all sports are not games, but all games are sports?

*What is the difference between '**act**' and '**action**'? – Basanti, Dhenkanal, Orissa*

There cannot be any act *without* action. Moving one's legs is an action; but walking to the school is an act! Got the point?

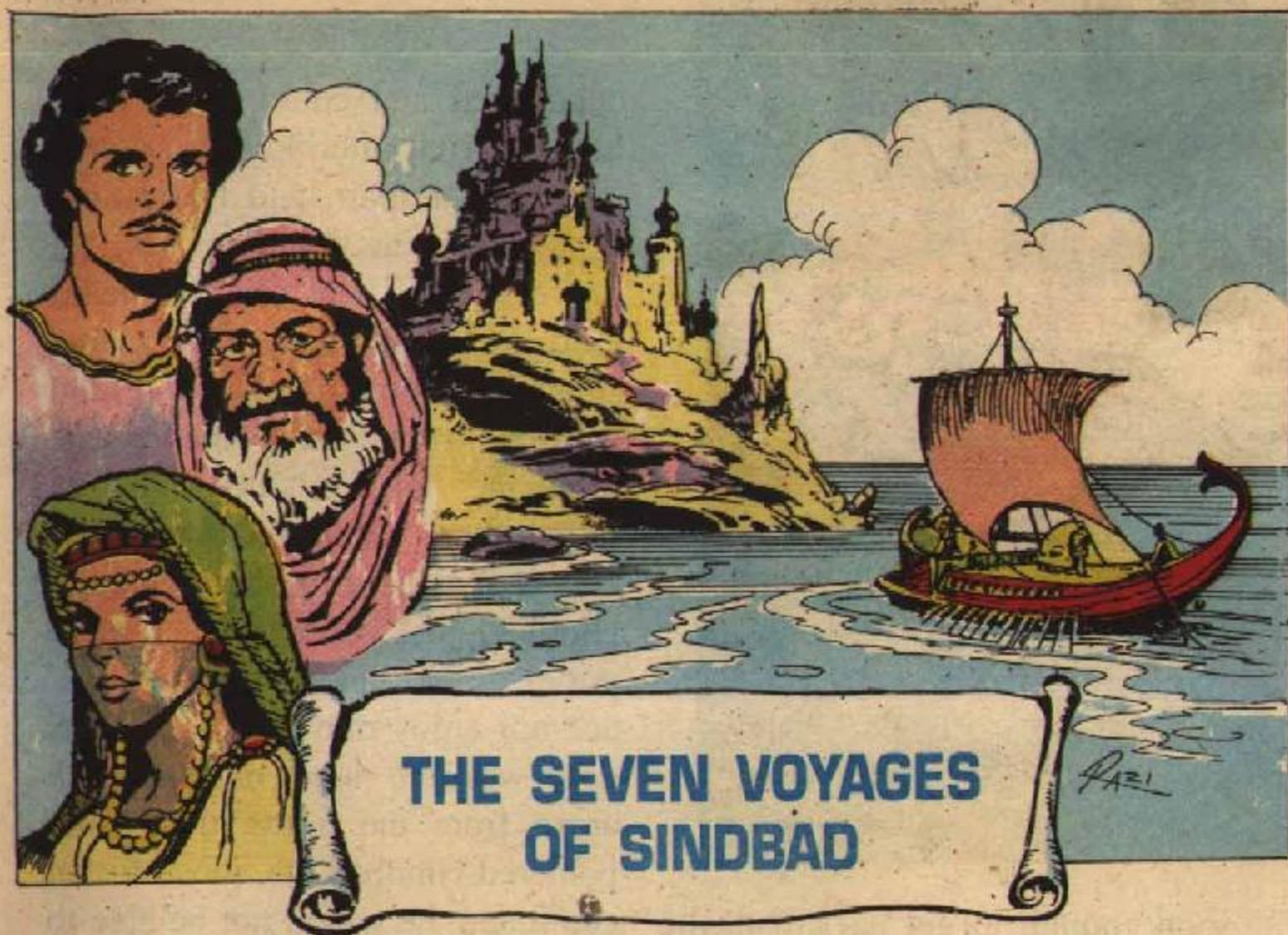
*What is the difference between **other** and **another**? – Samiul Hassan Quadri, Bikaner, Rajasthan.*

**Other** means one of two, different from the first one. **Another** means one more of the same kind, or any other. Like: At the door were two visitors. One was a teacher, the **other** his student. Or: "We've played carrom and chess. Shall we now play **another** (any other) game?"

---

**NOTE : Please avoid questions about words and expressions which can easily be checked in a dictionary. – Editor**





**W**hy should some people be rolling in wealth when some others suffer all through the day to earn a pittance? Is the great Haroun Al-Raschid still the Caliph here? Doesn't he any more care for poor people like me?

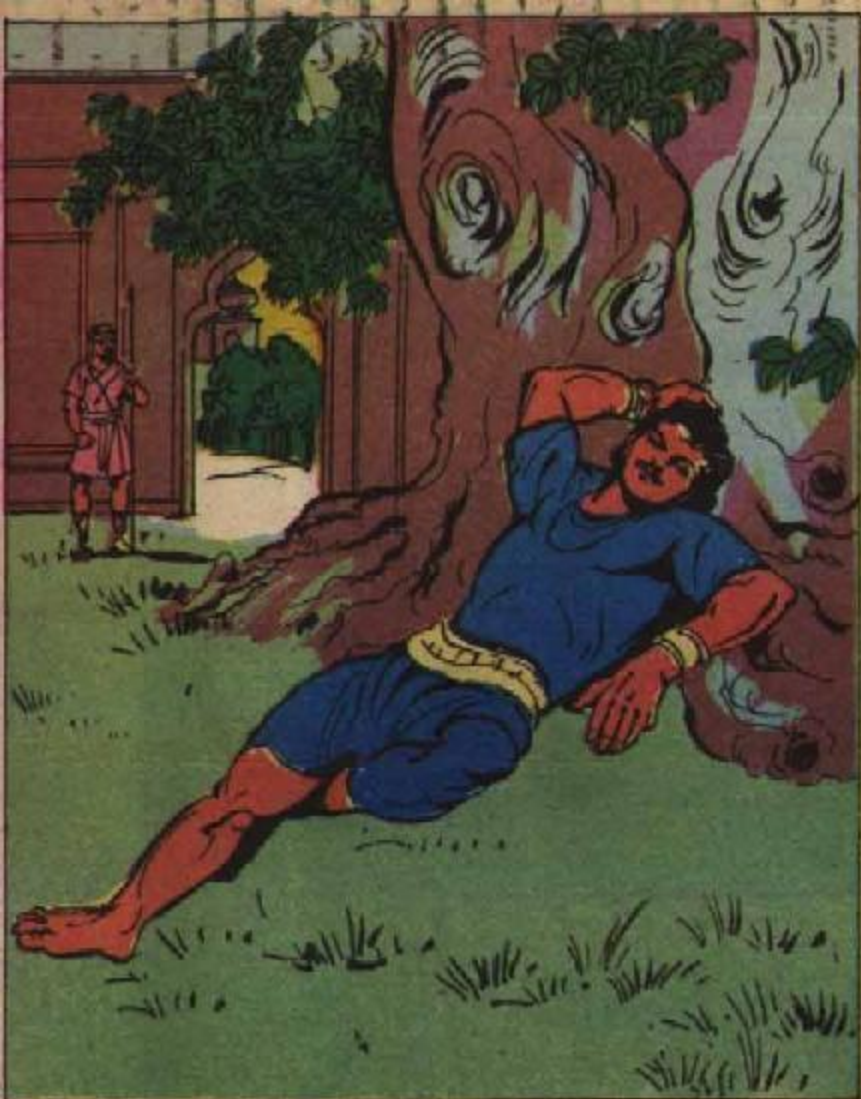
That was Hindbad, the porter, grumbling about his fate. He was on his way to a nearby town, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders. That was his job—carrying loads from one place to another. The wage he earned was not

enough to get him two square meals a day, except when the master was kind enough to add a silver coin if he were to go back the same evening with the acknowledgement of the merchandise delivered.

However, that day, the sack Hindbad carried was unusually heavy and he found the hot sun fast sapping away all his energy. So, he decided to take a rest before he proceeded further. He knew he would not reach his destination

**CHANDAMAMA**





soon enough to get back with the acknowledgement before dusk to earn an extra coin. That meant, he would have to trek the distance back in the night so that he could present himself before his master at least early next morning. And for what? Carrying yet another load to wherever his master bade him to go.

Usually, Hindbad was not given to grumbling or mumbling, but that day as he threw the heavy sack on the ground and sat down and stretched his legs leaning against a shaded tree standing just outside a palatial house, he felt

dead tired and could not control himself from uttering those words of anger, despair, and frustration. It was not as if there was no provocation. There was. He heard loud noises of merry-making and smelt the aroma of delicious food wafting from inside the house. Someone very wealthy must be living there. Whoever it was, he had no business to sneer at him—Hindbad—just because he, a mere porter, could neither afford a palace nor enjoy music at meal time.

It was the loud music which arose from the house that really bothered Hindbad the most. If that continued, he would not be able to close his eyes for a while as he wished. "Isn't Haroun Al-Raschid still the Caliph here?" he repeated. He did not intend it to be, but this time his mumble was loud enough to reach the ears of the liveried slave guarding the gates of the house. He moved up to the big tree, sized up the man reclining there, and said: "The Caliph stays in Baghdad, in *his* palace. This is the house of *my* master."

"And who is *your* master?" asked Hindbad curiously.

"My master is Sinbad," answered the slave, confident that it



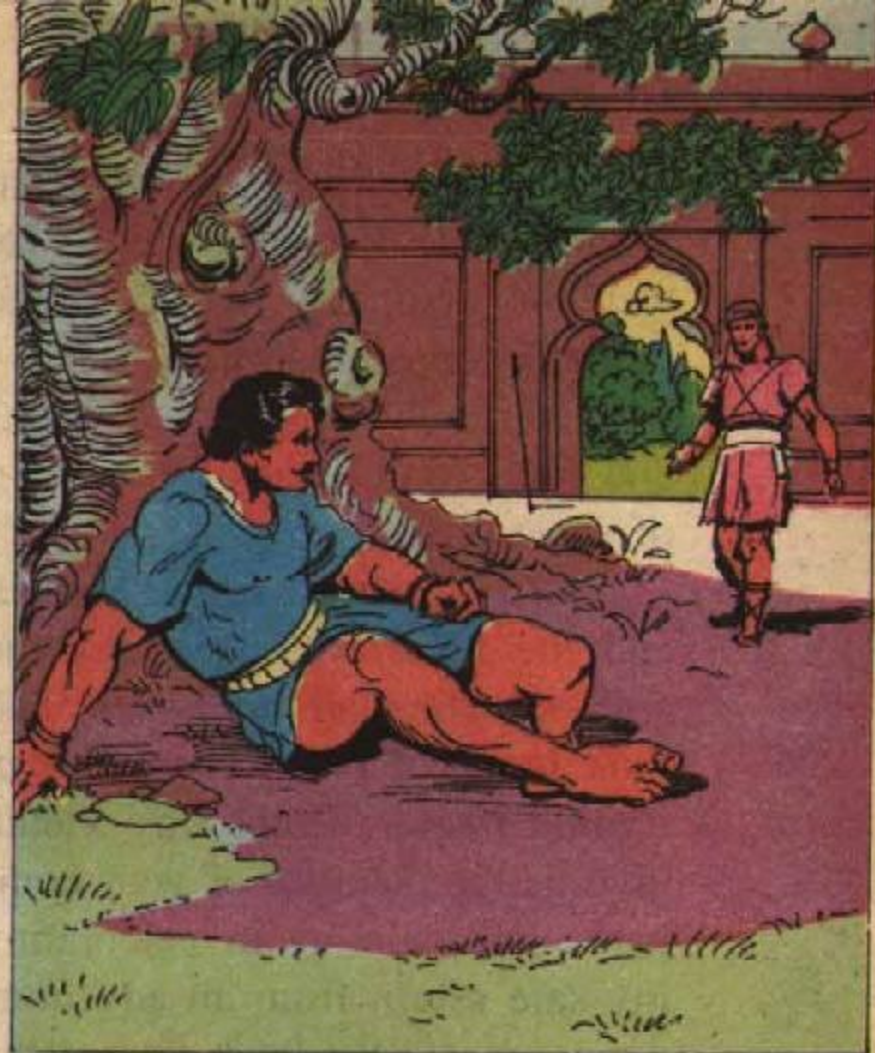


would satisfy the stranger, there would not be any more questions to be answered, and he himself could go back to the gates.

"Oh! The sailor?" Hindbad reacted, but did not stop there. "Who in Baghdad has not heard of Sindbad the sailor? But I never knew he lived in *this* house. I've nothing against him, but my grouse is, why should some people grow wealthy at the cost of the suffering of others? Everybody knows that Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid is a just ruler and looks after the welfare of his people. But isn't he being unfair to poor people like me?"

"I don't know anything about that," said the slave simply, "but I shall go and tell my master what you said just now. Let him decide what he should do with you!" He went back to the gate, opened it, and whispered something to a slave standing on the other side and resumed his position.

Did the slave sound a threat? wondered Hindbad. It would be cowardice if he were to get up, heave the sack on to his shoulders again, and leave the place. No. He would not go away without resting for a while. He waited for the next movement from the house.



Soon the gate opened, the slave inside whispered something to the man outside, and he approached Hindbad once again. "My master has sent for you. You'll be taken to him. Please come."

Hindbad followed him up to the gate where the other slave took charge of him and led him through glittering corridors. A turning to the right and Hindbad suddenly found himself in front of a long table at one end of which sat Sindbad. Two slave girls on either side were fanning him, while a little away sat musicians and drummers, who stopped playing



their instruments a signal from Sindbad. He was not alone. He had for company two or three other men—presumably his friends—who were all being served drinks and food from dishes by a group of slave girls.

Another signal from Sinbad, and the slave who stood by the side of Hindbad *salaamed* and took leave of his master without turning round. "Come, my friend, give us the pleasure of your company, and join us in celebrating my safe return from an adventurous voyage!" Sindbad greeted the stranger, without even caring to know his name.

Hindbad was dumbstruck. Only a while ago he was chastising the wealthy gentry for being devoid of any kind feelings for their less fortunate brethren. And here was one among them, the famous Sindbad himself, extending a warm hand of welcome to a common man. 'Does he know that I'm a mere porter and, though not a slave, I'm slaving for rich masters like him?' he wondered. With hesitating steps, he moved closer to the table and took a vacant seat on one side. "I'm Hindbad," he began introducing himself, "a mere ..."

Sindbad cut him short. "First partake of the food, my friend," he

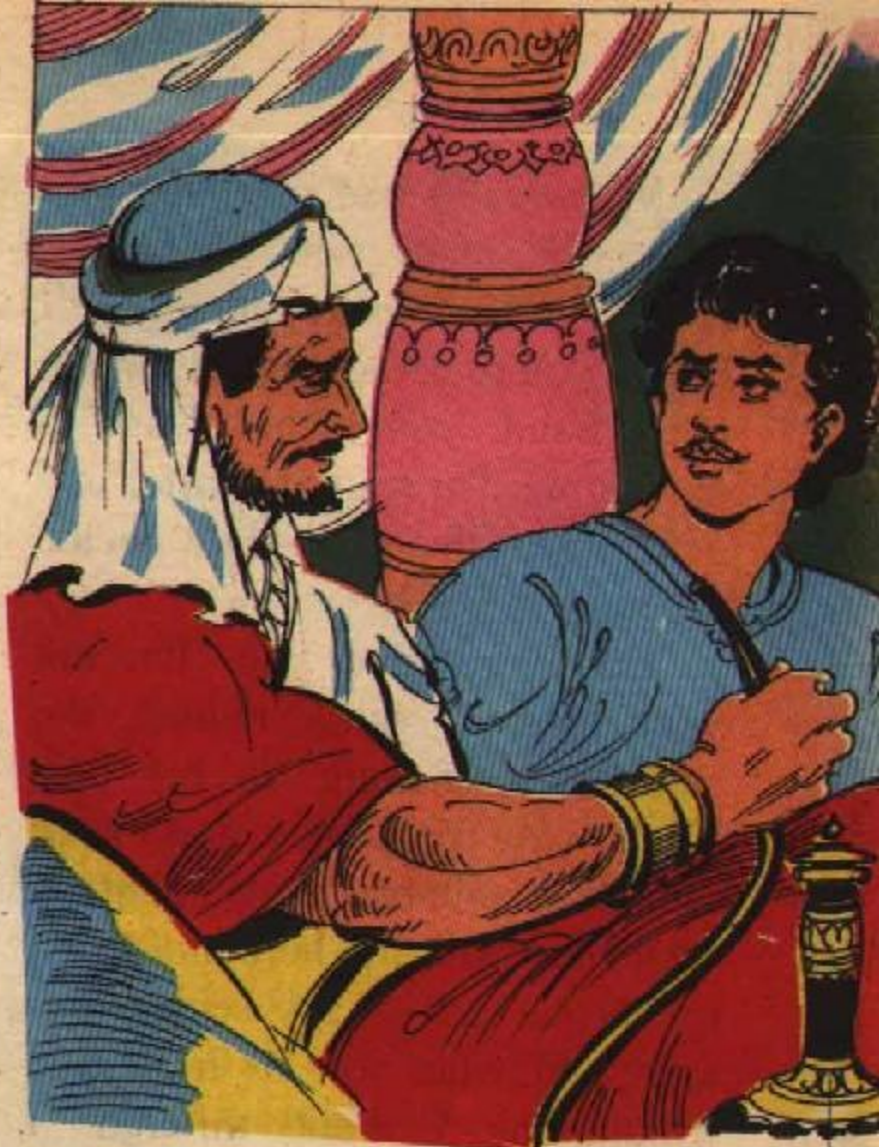




said, adding, "we'll have plenty of time to talk about yourself, myself, and everybody else. Right now you're my guest, and I must honour you for calling on me. I've been away for almost a year and I was thirsting to see friends like you, after spending many days in strange lands and with strange people. Let me forget all that while you give me company!"

Sindbad signalled for the music to start and a clap from him brought a dancer to their presence. As she danced, the slave girls took turns in bringing more food and drinks. Hindbad ate and drank to his fill and enjoyed the music and dance and exchanged pleasantries with Sindbad and his friends. He soon forgot himself, in fact, he even forgot that he had a job to complete.

The feasting went on for a long time. As they rose from the table, the friends took leave of Sindbad one after the other, till he was left alone with Hindbad, whom he was now holding by his shoulders. For the simpleton porter, it was all a new experience, and he did not have the heart to let go the affection shown by Sindbad just like that. "Come on, my friend, Hindbad," said Sindbad, who then



led him to a huge hall and made him sit beside him on a thick mattress littered with pillows of different shapes and sizes.

"Yes, my men told me that you're a porter, and you've a grouse against the rich and the wealthy," said Sindbad, a smile caressing his face. "But do you know, my friend, that everybody does not become rich overnight? Each one of them would have slaved hard, gone hungry and thirsty for days together, before they acquired any wealth. No man becomes rich without any effort or straining himself."





"Master, if I had offended you with my inadvertent remarks," said Hindbad apologetically, "I beg of you to pardon me. If, on the other hand, you would want to punish me, I'm ready to suffer any punishment that you might decide for me."

"Hindbad, mind you, I'm not your master," said Sindbad, the smile now playing on his lips. "You're my friend now, and I shall impose a suitable punishment on you! Stay with me here and listen to my account of my seven voyages and what sort of trials and tribulations I went through. I didn't have an easy life, my good

friend. I've seen good days, I've seen bad days as well. If I'm rich today, it's all because of the hard work that I put myself to, though not with the object of acquiring wealth. All that came to me unasked for. Won't you wish to hear about my adventures?"

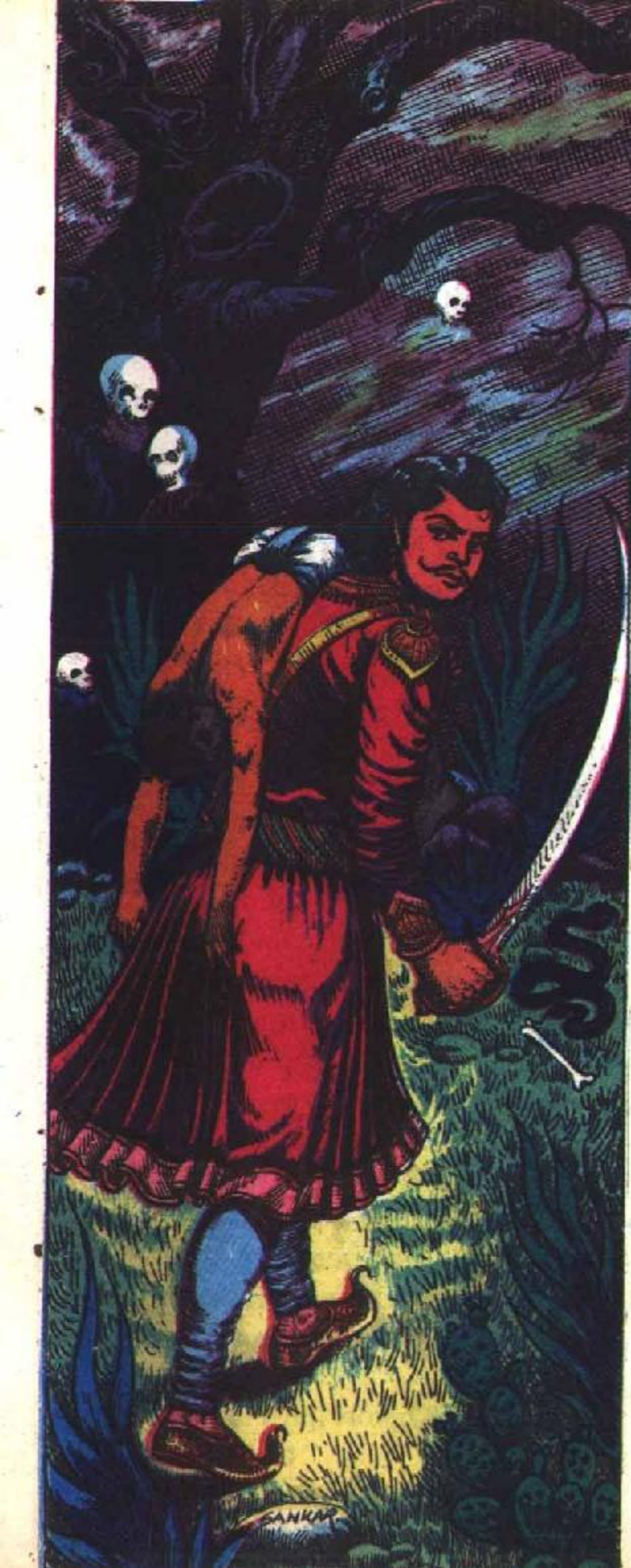
"Of course, Sindbad," responded Hindbad. "I'm all ears!"

"Well, I had always wanted to travel. With the large amount of money my father had left when he died while I was still a young boy, I bought some merchandise and joined some traders on their ship and sailed with them to the Indian Ocean."

### [NEXT MONTH : THE FIRST VOYAGE]







New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

## Change of Decision

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite, as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. I admire your determination. Tell me, if you achieve your mission, will you go back satisfied? Or will you make





your success futile – like Princess Matangi? True, people make great effort to achieve something, but they lack practicality and intelligence to derive full benefit of their success. That's what happened to Matangi. Let me tell you her story."

Once there was a great storm on the east coast. Strong cyclonic winds were followed by heavy rain. Wonder of wonders! One raindrop fell on the ground and the next moment there stood a temple. It was a Siva temple. Word spread far and wide, and it reached the ears of King Mahasena of Mayapuri also. Matangi, his only daughter, was a

devotee of Lord Siva. "Father, it is our fortune that our kingdom has received the gift of a temple," said the princess. "Let me attend to its re-construction and repairs. I would like to make it a magnificent temple."

"Why not, my darling daughter?" responded the king, full of affection. "Go ahead, and do whatever you wish." He then sent for his minister and gave him directions to put people on the job and take orders from the princess. Work started on an auspicious morning, and Matangi spent tireless days supervising the work.

One afternoon, she was resting before going to watch the men at work. The mellifluous music from a flute reached her ears. She sat up in her bed, intently listening to find out from where it came. She could not help following the notes from the instrument and, before she knew what was happening, she was out of the palace looking here and there. She walked up to a meadow where she saw sheep grazing and a young man, leaning against a tree and playing the flute. He had his eyes closed and appeared engrossed in his own music.

Matangi stood before him enrapt-





tured. When he finished a song, the young man opened his eyes and saw the beautiful girl standing in front of him. "I'm Matangi, the princess of Mayapuri," she introduced herself. "You play the flute wonderfully. What's your name?"

"My name is Gopal," replied the youngster, courteously. He bowed to her, and went to herd the sheep. Soon he disappeared.

From then, the princess made it a habit to come out of the palace to meet Gopal every day. She would ask him to play different tunes and forget herself in his music. He began teaching her to play the flute. She found it a strain to control her breath while playing the instrument. One day, she was unable to check her cough and could not play the flute. "A little away from here lives an old woman," said Gopal. "She may cure you of your cough, princess. Come, I'll take you to her."

The two walked through dense undergrowth and between wooded trees and reached a hut. The old woman seemed to have heard footsteps falling on the dry leaves outside the hut. She opened the door and came out and saw Matangi. "Who're you, young woman?" queried the woman. "What brought you



here? What can I do for you?"

Gopal, who was standing behind Matangi, told her how he had brought the princess to her. The old woman went inside and brought a bowl of water. Matangi drank it and said, "What a relief!" She then looked around, admiring the scenery. "I like this place very much. What lovely flowers you have, grandmother! The sweet-smelling flowers won't allow me to go away from here."

"That is from the jasmine yonder there!" said the old woman. She then went and plucked a few flowers and gave them to Matangi, who made a garland of them. As the





woman had mixed some herbs with the water she gave to the princess, she was by now relieved of her cough.

Gopal then escorted the princess to the temple. By now, Matangi had fallen in love with the youngster and decided that she would marry only Gopal. That night, King Mahasena went to his daughter's chambers. "The prince of Udayagiri is desirous of marrying you, Matangi. I've invited him to come and stay here for a few days. He'll come tomorrow evening. You will meet him, won't you?"

Matangi did not dare tell her fa-

ther about Gopal. Next day, when she met him, she told him of the visit of Udayasena and what her father had told her. "I'm sure he's going to like me, and my father may promise to give my hand to him. And once he gives such a promise, I may have to abide by it," the princess said, sorrowfully.

Gopal was in a dilemma. "Come, Matangi, let's go to that old woman. She may think up a solution."

On reaching the woman's hut, they explained their predicament. "I feel my father will certainly like Gopal," said the princess. "But I've no courage to take him to the king. Please tell me how I can go about it."

"Don't worry," the old woman assured her. "Gopal can pose as Prince Udayasena and meet your father, and he's sure to like the young man. And everything will go smooth."

The prince of Udayapuri had only one route to reach Mayapuri, and that was along the narrow path through the mountains. He would not be able to avoid passing in front of the old woman's hut. She told Gopal what he should do.

The next evening, Udayasena came there riding a horse. The old woman came out of the hut and





called, "Madhav! You've come! I've been waiting for you for several days. Come in and eat a meal."

Prince Udayasena was taken aback. "My name is not Madhav, grandmother!" said the prince. "I'm Udayasena, prince of Udayagiri." He then dismounted.

Gopal, who was standing near the hut, then went up to the prince and drew him aside. "Excuse me, Madhav is the old woman's grandson," he told the prince. "He served in the king's army. When there was a war some years ago, he ran away from home despite the pleas of his grandmother. He was later killed in battle. The news had upset her and she has not recovered fully after that. Probably your face is similar to that of her grandson. That's why she mistook you for him. Poor woman! I think you should eat with her today. Otherwise, she may die of grief."

Prince Udayasena took pity on the old woman. He posed as if he was hungry. "I'm dying of hunger, grandma," the prince said. "Could I have something to eat?" The woman was overjoyed. She served him food. After eating, Udayasena felt like taking some rest. The moment he closed his eyes, he had become unconscious.

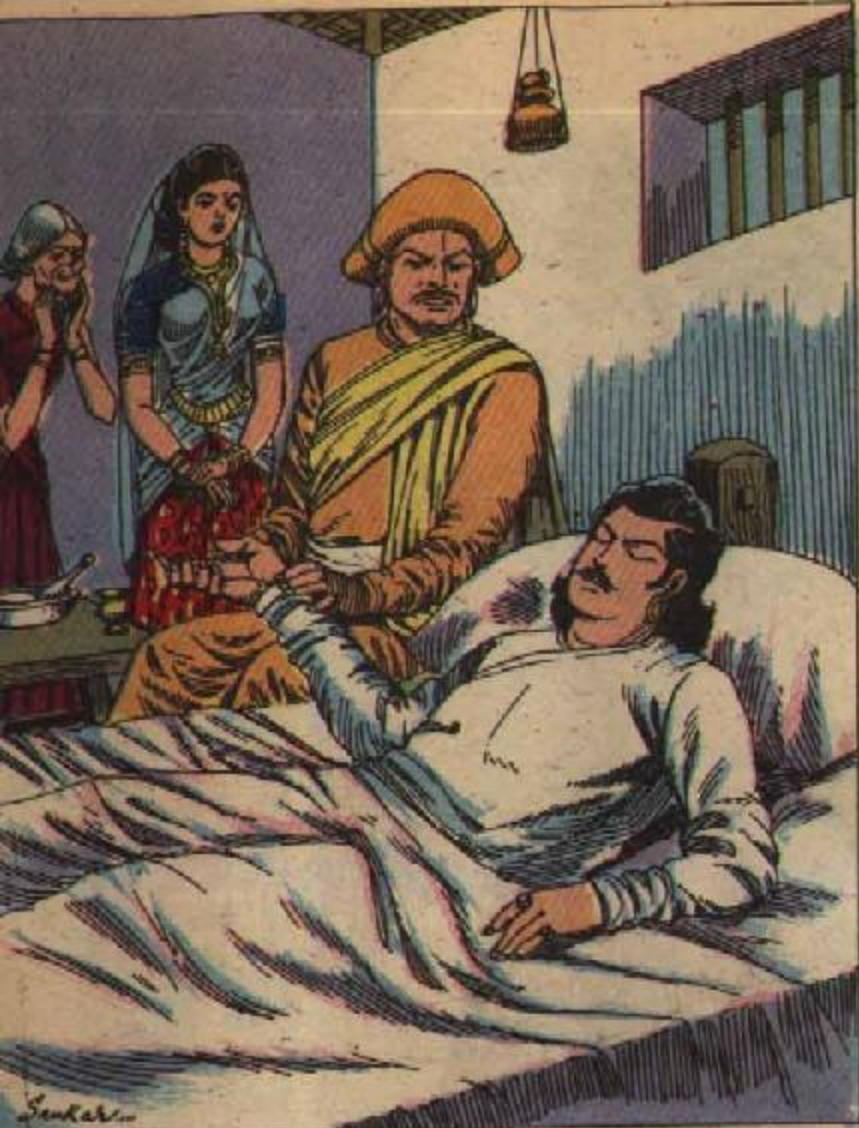


"Now don't delay reaching the palace in Mayapuri," the old woman prompted Gopal. "Put on his clothes, mount the horse, and go there as Prince Udayasena. He won't rise from his sleep till tomorrow evening."

Gopal did as he was instructed. He looked a real prince when he wore Udayasena's clothes. King Mahasena received him with all honours. In an aside, he told his daughter, "Matangi, you're very fortunate. How handsome is the prince! I've liked him very much."

The princess was very happy. Next day, the king arranged a boating





trip for Gopal (posing as Udayasena) and Matangi. The princess was getting ready to go with him, when one of her maids went to her and said, "Princess, an old woman seeks an audience with you. She is carrying a garland of jasmine flowers and insists on giving it to you herself. Shall I bring her to you?"

The mention of jasmine flowers brought to her memories of her first meeting with the old woman in the forest. "Please bring her in, quick!" she told her maid.

"Poor prince!" the old woman almost cried when she was ushered into the presence of Matangi. "He's

seriously ill. No medicine will wake him up. I'm getting scared, Princess! Will you come there with the royal physician?"

Matangi sent back the old woman, assuring her that she would reach the hut soon. She then went and told Gopal all that had happened. "I can't come for the boat ride. Let me rush to the woman's hut!"

Gopal was furious. Was Prince Udayasena now more important to her than he? Gopal doubted. "I don't think you should have too much pity for the prince," he said. "I've a doubt that you don't like me that much. If you care for me, you won't go there, Matangi. Instead, you must go with me."

Matangi did not give him a reply. She sent for the royal *vaid* and rushed to the old woman's hut. The physician examined Udayasena and applied some balm on his forehead. "He'll get up in the next two hours," he reassured the princess. "When he wakes up, give him these tablets. He'll be perfectly all right after that." He collected all information about Udayasena and went and told everything to the king.

Mahasena rushed to the old woman's hut where he found Matangi in tears. The prince was by





then showing signs of waking up. The princess went up to the king and confessed to him. "Father, it was at my instigation that Gopal posed as Prince Udayasena. Please forgive him, and me, too."

"For your act of indiscretion, Matangi," responded the king, "you must seek the pardon of the prince. And if you so wish, you may wed Gopal."

"No, father," said Matangi, "I'm ready to marry Prince Udayasena. I shall ask for his pardon for all that had happened."

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! Matangi was really in love with Gopal. The king agreed to her marrying Gopal, but she changed her stand and decided to marry Prince Udayasena. Why? If you know the answer and still prefer to remain silent, beware,

your head will be blown to pieces!"

"Gopal was incapable of taking any decision himself," said Vikramaditya, without taking any time. "He was also selfish. Prince Udayasena was very different from him. He realised an old woman's grief and predicament and was willing to break his journey for her sake. Whoever marries Matangi should be capable of ruling a kingdom. Anybody who is ready to please another deserves to be a ruler. Udayasena was such a person, but not Gopal. So, Matangi decided to choose a person like Prince Udayasena. That's why she changed her original decision."

The vampire realised that the king had outsmarted him once again. He flew back to the ancient tree, carrying the corpse along with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.





## NEWS FLASH

### A 14-YEAR ODYSSEY ENDS

The parents of Taher Madraswala of Ahmedabad gave him permission to go



on a bicycle trip lasting only six months. He was 18 then. The adventure bug bit him and he continued riding his bike for fourteen long years. After trekking nearly

116,000 km and visiting as many as 30 countries, he has now sought their permission once again – no, not to prolong his adventure, but to return home! Since he started in 1981, Taher had not been merely cycling; he wrote diaries, collected scraps of information, took photographs, and lately prepared video tapes of the countries he went to and the people he met during his travel. If he were to prepare a book, it would sure be a best-seller.

### SILVER BIBLE

Two pages of a Bible and its cover were missing since April 5, from the University of Uppsala in Stockholm. A month later, the Security section of the University received a phone message that they were safe in a locker at the Stockholm main railway station, making

the University authorities heave a great sigh of relief. Naturally. The cover and the pages were of the famous Silver Bible. It is so called because, the pages of the 6th century holy book have all been written in silver ink, and embellished in gold used for certain letters and the borders on all the pages. The cover, too, has a lot of silver about it. It is generally believed that the Silver Bible was stolen from Prague (Czechoslovakia) by Swedish soldiers in the 17th century. This rare copy, written in the Gothic language, has since remained within Sweden.

### DRIVING INTO BOOK OF RECORDS

On May 19, Sunny Kanodia drove a car on the streets of Bombay; earlier, on May 7, he drove a car in Calcutta; still earlier, he did the same thing in Ahmedabad, Nowgaon, Guwahati, and Surat where he is a student in the Nursery

class. Yes, Sunny is only four years old. He learnt driving in Feb-



ruary, after being inspired by 4-year-old, Juhi Agarwal, of Hyderabad, whom he saw driving a car in 1993. "Why can't I?" he asked his parents, and they taught him how to take the steering wheel. The rest of it now awaits an entry in the Guinness Book of Records.



## The Forts of Shivaji

Text : Meera Ugra ♦ Drawing : Aritra



The Torna Fort

The forts of south-west India are inseparably linked with the life and times of the Maratha hero, Shivaji.

He was born at Shivner, an old Satavahana fort, on February 19, 1630.

Torna was the first fort Shivaji took. He occupied it without bloodshed in 1646 when the Bijapur garrison had left for home leaving the fort undefended during the rainy season. It is said that he unearthed a buried treasure in the fort which he used to build a new fort, Rajgarh, barely nine km away. He ruled from Rajgarh for the next twenty years.

Shivaji conquered Kondana, in 1647, but ceded it to the Mughals after the Treaty of Purandar.



A bastion at the Rajgarh Fort

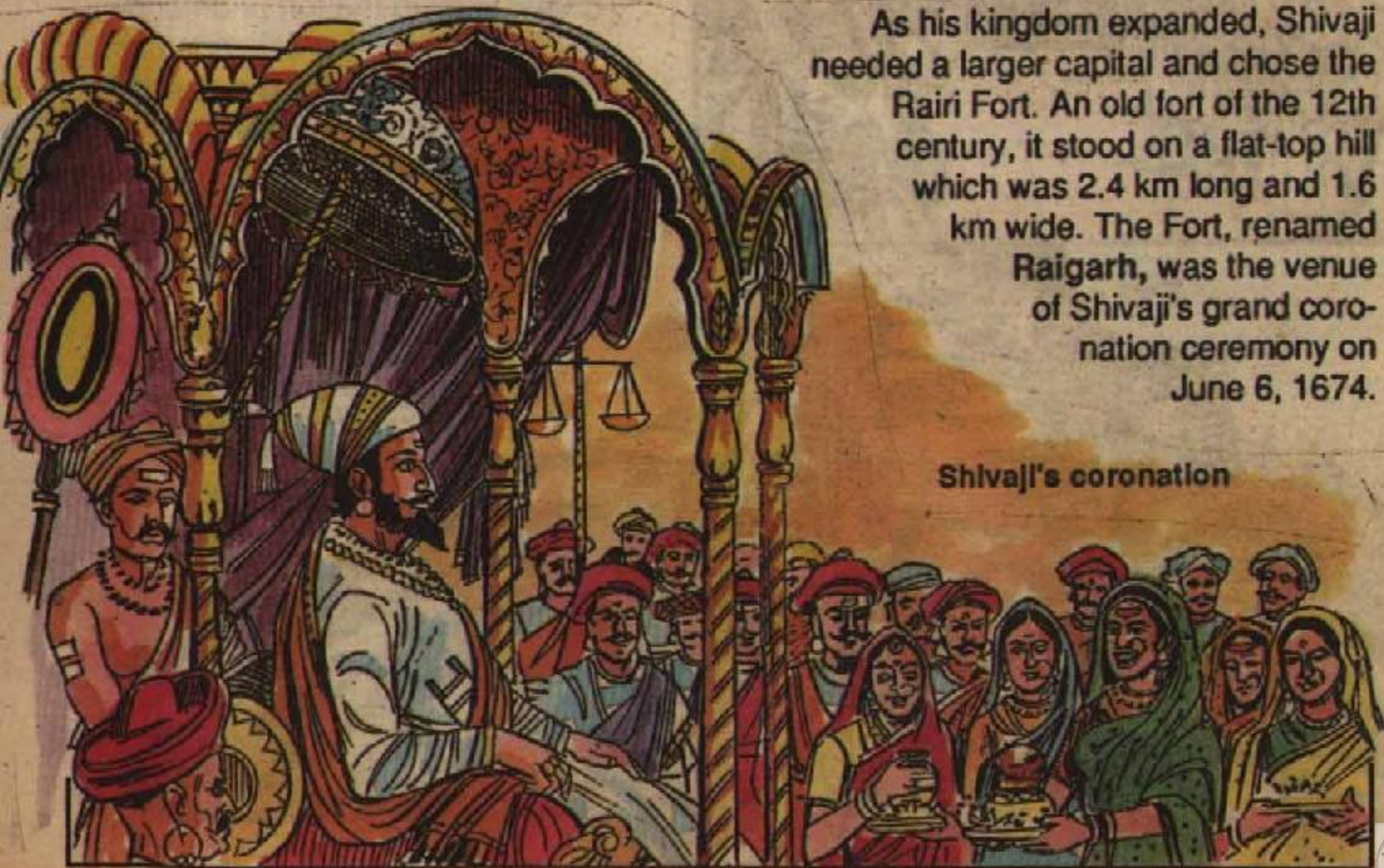


To reconquer Kondana, in February 1670 he sent a company of 600 Mavale soldiers under the command of Tanaji Malusare and his brother Suryaji. Legend has it that Tanaji took the help of a monitor lizard, Yashwanti, to scale the very steep western wall of the fort. Yashwanti was sent up with a rope having a hook at one end. Once the hook found a secure niche, a nimble youth went up the rope first and fastened it securely. And then followed nearly 300 soldiers, led by Tanaji. The fort was won. But more than a thousand died, including Tanaji. When the news of the victory was conveyed to Shivaji, he remarked, "*Garh aala pan singh gela*" (the fort is gained but my lion is lost). The Kondana Fort thus acquired a new name: Singhagarh.



As his kingdom expanded, Shivaji needed a larger capital and chose the Rairi Fort. An old fort of the 12th century, it stood on a flat-top hill which was 2.4 km long and 1.6 km wide. The Fort, renamed Raigarh, was the venue of Shivaji's grand coronation ceremony on June 6, 1674.

Shivaji's coronation





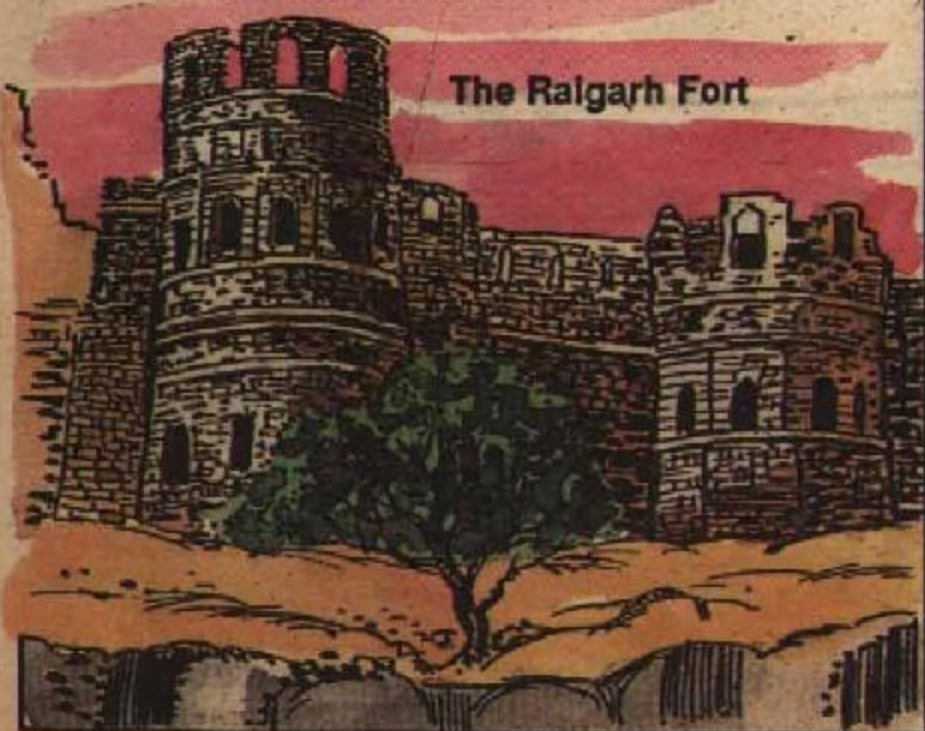
In order to find the vulnerable spots of the citadel, Shivaji announced a handsome reward for anyone who could scale the fort undetected from any side. A youth from Mahad village took up the challenge and succeeded. The route taken by him was promptly sealed by a gate, now called the Chor Darwāza. On another occasion,

Hirakani, a milkmaid from a nearby village, was stranded at the fort when the guard refused to let her leave after the main gate was shut for the night. Desperate to reach her young child at home,

Hirakani searched for a suitable spot and climbed down the wall and the steep hill in the dark. Shivaji built a watch-tower at the spot from where Hirakani went down and named it the Hira Burj.

Hirakani's escape

Shivaji's 'samadhi' is built in the Raigarh Fort. Facing it stands the 'samadhi' of his dog Vandhya who, according to legend, jumped into his master's pyre.



The Raigarh Fort



Shivaji's samadhi





### The Janjira Fort

The one fort Shivaji could not capture in his lifetime, despite repeated attempts, was the island fort of Janjira, built by Malik Ambar, in 1511. The Portuguese and the British, too, failed to capture the fort.

Janjira inspired Shivaji to build a few marine forts. The Sindhudurg Fort on the Malvan coast took nearly three years and one crore 'hons' to build. Shivaji even employed a hundred Portuguese skilled workers to help in the construction. He also built Padmagarh which he used for ship-building.

Barely 56 km south-west of the Janjira Fort, Shivaji seized an old fort on an island and renovated it. He renamed it Suvarnadurg. From here he kept a constant watch on the activities of the Siddis.

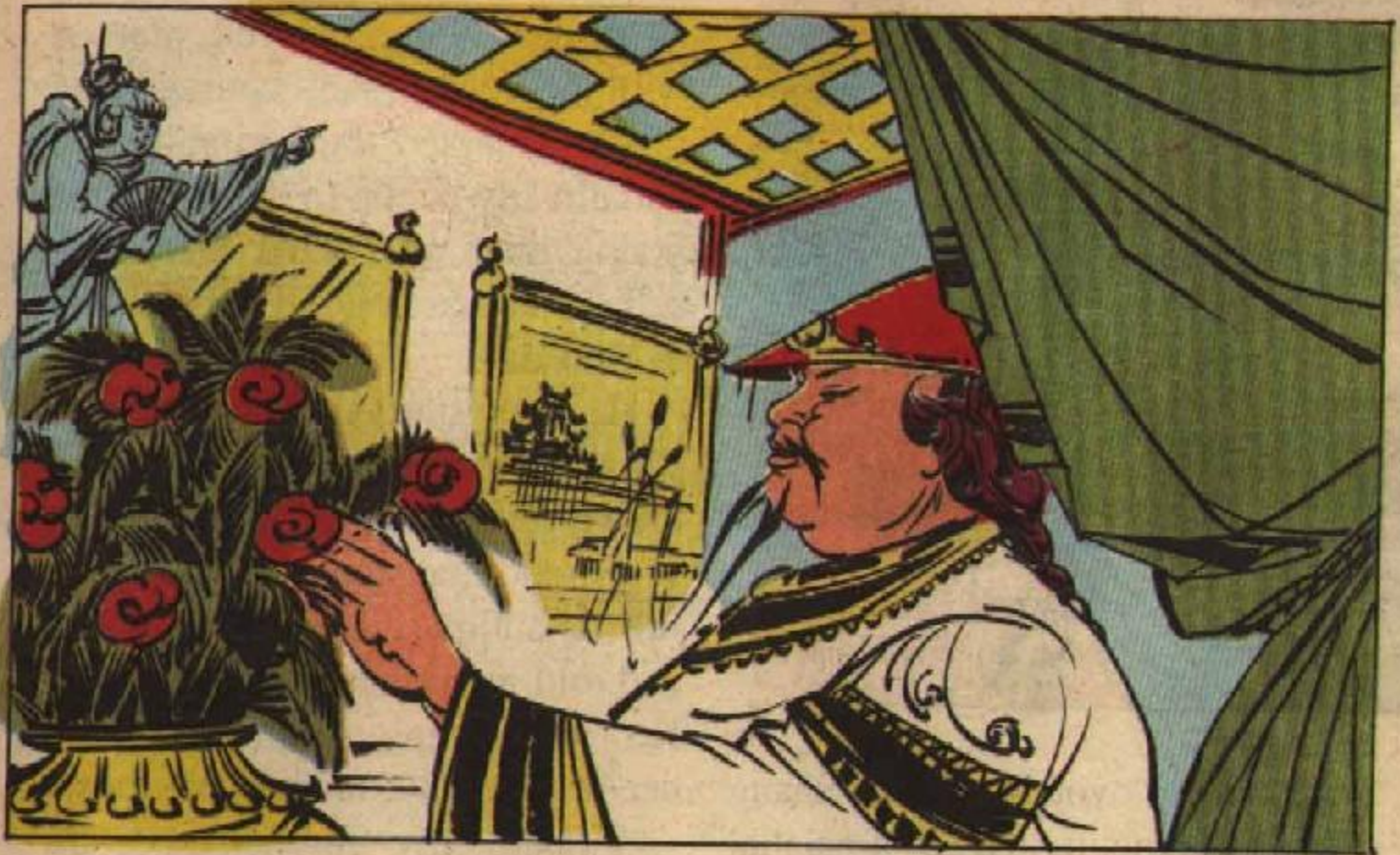
Shivaji held 240 forts at the time of his death in 1680.

### The Suvarnadurg Fort





## THE MIRACLE OF A MASTERPIECE



**I**n old, olden days there lived Master Wang Ho, who was the richest man in his city. Not only did he have a grand mansion, but roomsful of gold and silver, too. He was rather proud of his wealth and would loudly boast, "Can the Emperor himself afford to live like me?"

What he did not say was, he had grown rich by swindling and cheating hundreds of innocent people.

Everybody looked at him and

his wealth with awe and admiration. But the needy, who hopefully knocked on his door, were only greeted with scorn and turned away. Not even a tiny coin did he spare for them. But he had a great fascination for collecting old paintings. He wished to be known as the greatest lover of art. He spent his money to entertain his friends and never failed to show them round his collection of rare paintings.





A clever young man, Shang Woo by name, rented out a palatial building along with complete furnishings and antiques in another part of the city. He also employed a good number of cooks, servants, and maids. It was not before long that rich Wang Ho's attention was drawn towards him and he became rather curious to know about the young man who had suddenly risen to such prosperity.

One rainy day, in a carriage drawn by six white horses, Shang Woo called on Master Wang Ho. "I'll be honoured if the greatest man in the city visits my humble home

to have tea with me! I've brought a carriage for you!" proposed the young man very courteously.

Master Wang Ho felt pleased with the young man's courtesy and gladly accepted the invitation. He had already begun to wonder if the young man was richer than himself. This was a good opportunity to find out.

He was startled when he was shown into the beautiful carriage drawn by six handsome horses. The grand mansion of his host was full of antiques, elegant furniture, and old paintings. Master Wang Ho was deeply impressed and, needless to say, terribly envious.

"Friend, my forefathers were great collectors of antiques and old paintings. I'm sure you, too, have a refined taste for such things," said Shang Woo in a flattering tone.

"Yes, yes, I do. I myself have a rare collection. In fact, the best in the city!" replied the rich man proudly.

"Then I must have your expert comments on an ancient painting that has come down to me since generations past," said his host.

"Ah! A family heirloom then! You do me great honour!" ex-





claimed Master Wang Ho, greatly pleased.

The young man brought out a scroll from a cupboard, unrolled it, and held it in front of his guest. It was a beautiful picture. On the background was a graceful range of blue hills. By their foot flowed a meandering river. On its bank stood a lady holding an unfurled umbrella over her head.

"The table is set, Sir," announced a maid just at that moment.

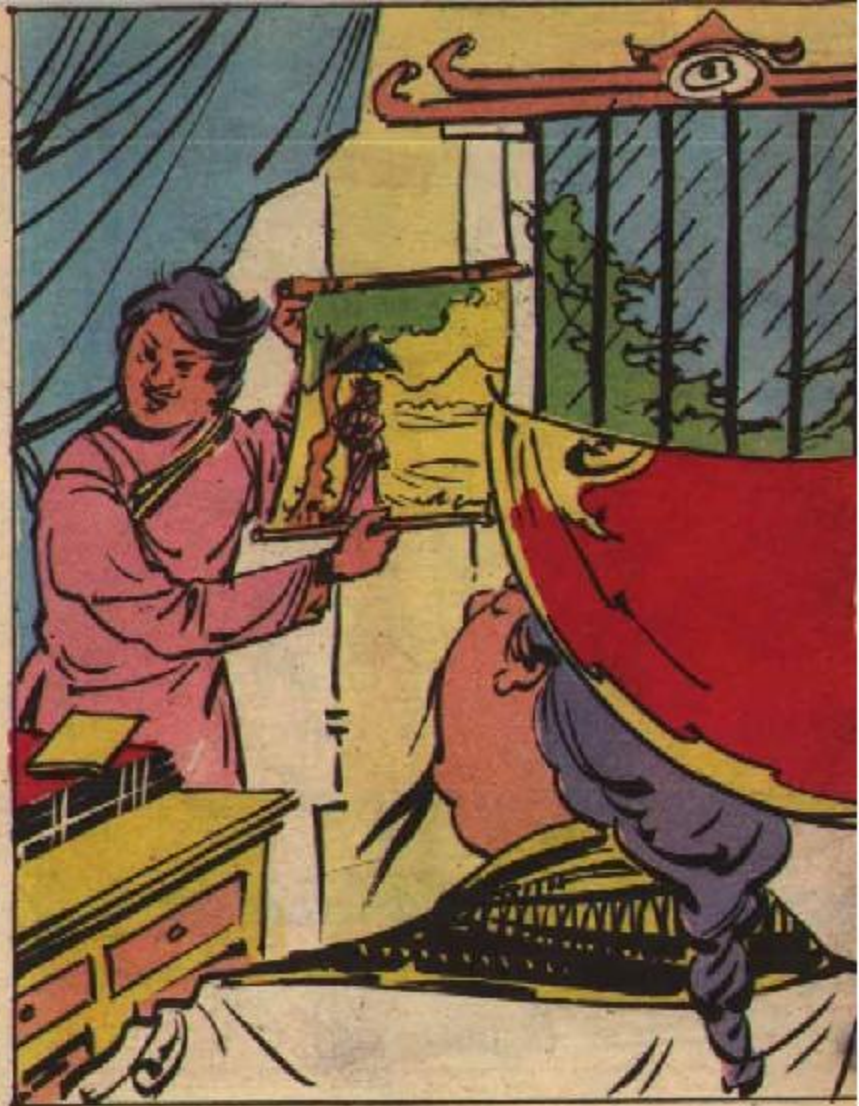
"Come, let's have tea first, before it gets cold," suggested Shang Woo, rolling the scroll and putting it back in the cupboard.

Cooks, maids, servants, all elegantly dressed, waited upon them most courteously. The tea ceremony lasted two full hours.

'Indeed!' thought Master Wang Ho modestly. 'This man seems to be richer than I am and lives in royal style!'

By the time the servants cleared away the table, the rain outside had stopped and the sun had begun to shine.

"But, Sir, you didn't give me your opinion on the painting. Would you like to have another look at it?" asked the young man.



"Yes, yes, if you can bring it out once again, I would like to first ascertain how old it is!" answered the other.

Shang Woo brought out the scroll once again, unrolled it and held it in front his guest. The great connoisseur intently studied the masterpiece. Then as his eyes moved slowly to the lady on the river bank, he became still, as if he was suddenly turning to a stone. His mouth fell open.

"What? Wha...aa..t is this? Hoo..ow can this be possible?" he stammered. "Just some time ago, the lady was holding an unfurled





umbrella over her head! I remember very well observing it! But now she has a furled one!"

"Dear friend, because of its most unusual character, this painting has been the most prized possession of my ancestors. Some hours ago you saw the umbrella unfurled. It was then raining, wasn't it?" asked Shang Woo candidly.

"Yes, it was pouring when we came in," answered Master Ho in a shaky voice.

"But now the sky is clear and the sun is shining brightly," continued the young man. "Well, this

very ancient painting is the most precious treasure, because when it rains, the umbrella is unfurled over the lady's head and when the rain stops, it is furled once again!"

"Marvellous! Simply extraordinary!" exclaimed the rich man. "It is no doubt a real treasure!"

Being a passionate collector of such antiques and old paintings, Master Wang Ho, as expected, longed to acquire the scroll. But his host outright refused to part with it. It was not only an unusual and rare masterpiece but a family heirloom, too. But for days on end, the rich man continued coaxing and pleading with the young man to sell the painting to him. At last Shang Woo quoted a price of three hundred thousand gold pieces.

"Oh! That will empty me of all my wealth!" sadly exclaimed Master Wang Ho.

Finally, after long negotiations and much haggling and bargaining, the rich man managed to bring down the price by half, one hundred and fifty thousand gold pieces. The painting changed hands.

As the painting was brought to its new owner on a fine day, the umbrella, of course, was furled.





Master Wang Ho's joy knew no bounds. He danced in glee. What if half of his wealth was gone! Now he possesses one of the rarest treasures of the world. The wonder of wonders! He lost no time in inviting his friends to show them this miracle of a masterpiece. But strangely no date was fixed on the invitation cards. Instead, it was mentioned:

*Invited To Tea*

*On The Next Cloudy Day -*

*Just Before It Starts Raining !*

Those invited were puzzled. They patiently waited for such a day.

One day, the sky was overcast with dark promising clouds. So Master Wang Ho's guests gathered in his house. The host got up and said as they all sipped warm tea, "Brother, I've called you today to witness the wonder of wonders. I've a rare painting with me, bought with great difficulty, for the price of a kingdom."

"Is it so? Then it must be the most wonderful thing in the world!" buzzed the voice of several guests.

"Look! Mark the lady with the umbrella. It is now furled, isn't it?"

"Of course, it is," agreed the



guests."

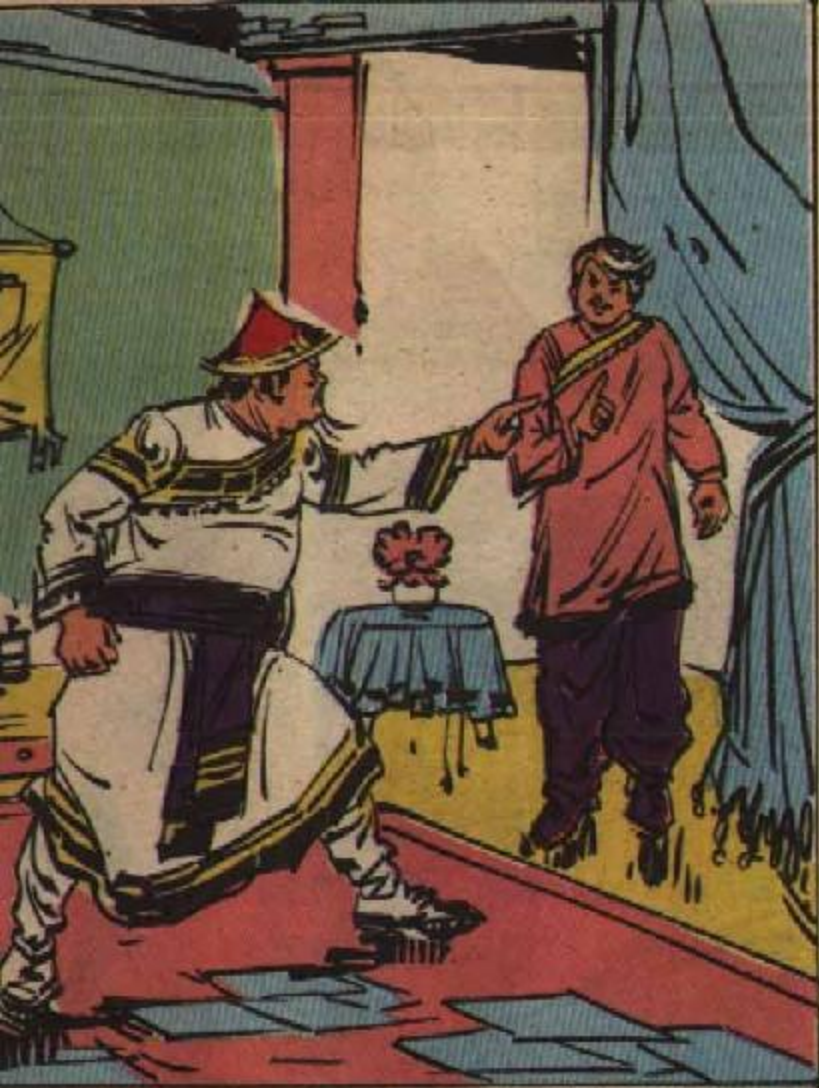
"Fine. Wait for a while," said the host rolling the scroll.

A little later it began to rain. He stood up again and brought out the scroll.

"Well, a little while ago, you saw the lady with a furled umbrella. But now be prepared to see the miracle. Now that it is raining, don't be surprised if my sweet lady has unfurled her umbrella!" was the host's proud announcement.

Slowly, with great suspense, Master Wang Ho unrolled the scroll, as his guests crowded around him and craned their necks





to get a better view. But, alas, the lady on the river bank did not seem to be in a mood to furl her umbrella! The host was greatly bewildered and confounded. He sent some to ascertain if the rain had stopped. No, it had only increased! Then, why wasn't the young lady unfurling her umbrella? Did she want to get drenched? What was wrong?

"Didn't you say, Sir, the lady unfurls her umbrella when it rains?" asked his guests with meaningful smiles.

"Yes, I did say. But I think the rain is not heavy enough to make

her do so. Let us roll it up for the moment and take another look later," suggested Master Wang Ho in a hopeful strain. Perhaps the lady will change her mind and unfurl her umbrella, after all!

Soon the rain came down in torrents. The eager guests wanted to see the painting once again. But alas, the lady was still holding a furred umbrella. Before long the rain stopped completely and the sky cleared up. They all had another look at the great painting, in case the lady meanwhile had unfurled the umbrella at least to protect herself from the sunshine. But no, her position remained the same.

Then, after the tea ceremony was over, the guests thanked an embarrassed host and left one by one in silence.

Master Wang Ho seethed in anger. He rushed to Shang Woo's house who had not yet decamped but was actually waiting for the rich man. He very well knew that sooner or later he would come back to him.

"You cheat! How dare you swindle me of one hundred and fifty thousand gold pieces for a valueless picture?" he thundered, shaking both his fists.





"I haven't cheated you, nor have I swindled you," replied the young man calmly.

"You haven't? When I bought the painting, the umbrella was furled, but why wasn't it unfurled when it began to rain, that too almost pouring in buckets? Don't you remember saying the umbrella in the painting unfurls when it rains and furls when it is bright?" vehemently argued Master Wang Ho, all red in the face.

"No, I had made a very fair deal with you. Didn't I ask for three hundred thousand gold pieces? But you would only give me one hundred and fifty thousand, just the half of what I had asked for!" justified Shang Woo.

"So what? Won't the magic work for half the amount?" asked the angry man.

"I had asked for three hundred thousand for a set. You should

have bought a set to experience the wonder!" explained the young man.

"What set are you speaking of, you wicked young fellow?" demanded Wang Ho, trembling with rage.

"Why, the set of two scrolls, naturally! One with an unfurled umbrella and the other with a furled one! When it rains, you unroll the first painting and on bright days you look at the second one! Simple, isn't it?" said Shang Woo plainly and not without a naughty smile.

The old miser knew that complaining to the judge would be useless. Everybody will laugh at his naivety. He returned home, head hung in shame and anger.

What he did not know was the fact that Shang Woo's father was one of those who had been ruined by him. The young man had only taken his revenge!

— Retold by Anup Kishore Das





## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

# Apple makes Chirac third time lucky

On May 17, France got a new President in Mr. Jacques Chirac. In the Presidential elections held ten days earlier, this leader of the conservative Gaullist Party defeated socialist Lionel Jospin by 52 to 48 per cent votes. Mr. Chirac's success brought to an end the 14-year socialist rule of Mr. Francois Mitterand—the longest serving President in France's post-World War II history. He had defeated Mr. Chirac in the 1981 and 1988 elections. Because of failing health, Mr. Mitterand did not stand this year.

After the Second World War (1939-1945), General Charles de Gaulle became President. He tried to bring stability to the war-torn nation, but he faced problems with Indo-China (present day Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos) and Algeria, which were French dependencies. He withdrew the French forces and granted independence to all four of them. He resigned in 1968, but his "Gaullist" principles influenced the policies of his successors.

When the socialist Mitterand ascended the Presidency in 1981, France rejoiced. People thought that "things would change for the better" and "there was hope for the future". What they had in mind was the problems that beset the nation then, like inflation and unemployment. Fourteen years later, on May 10, the people of France celebrated the victory of Mr. Jacques Chirac. "No more socialism!" they cried. "Things are going to get better now."

In the 1993 parliament elections, the conservatives received a majority, and Mr. Edouard Balladur, of the Gaullist Party, was elected Prime Minister. Dur-

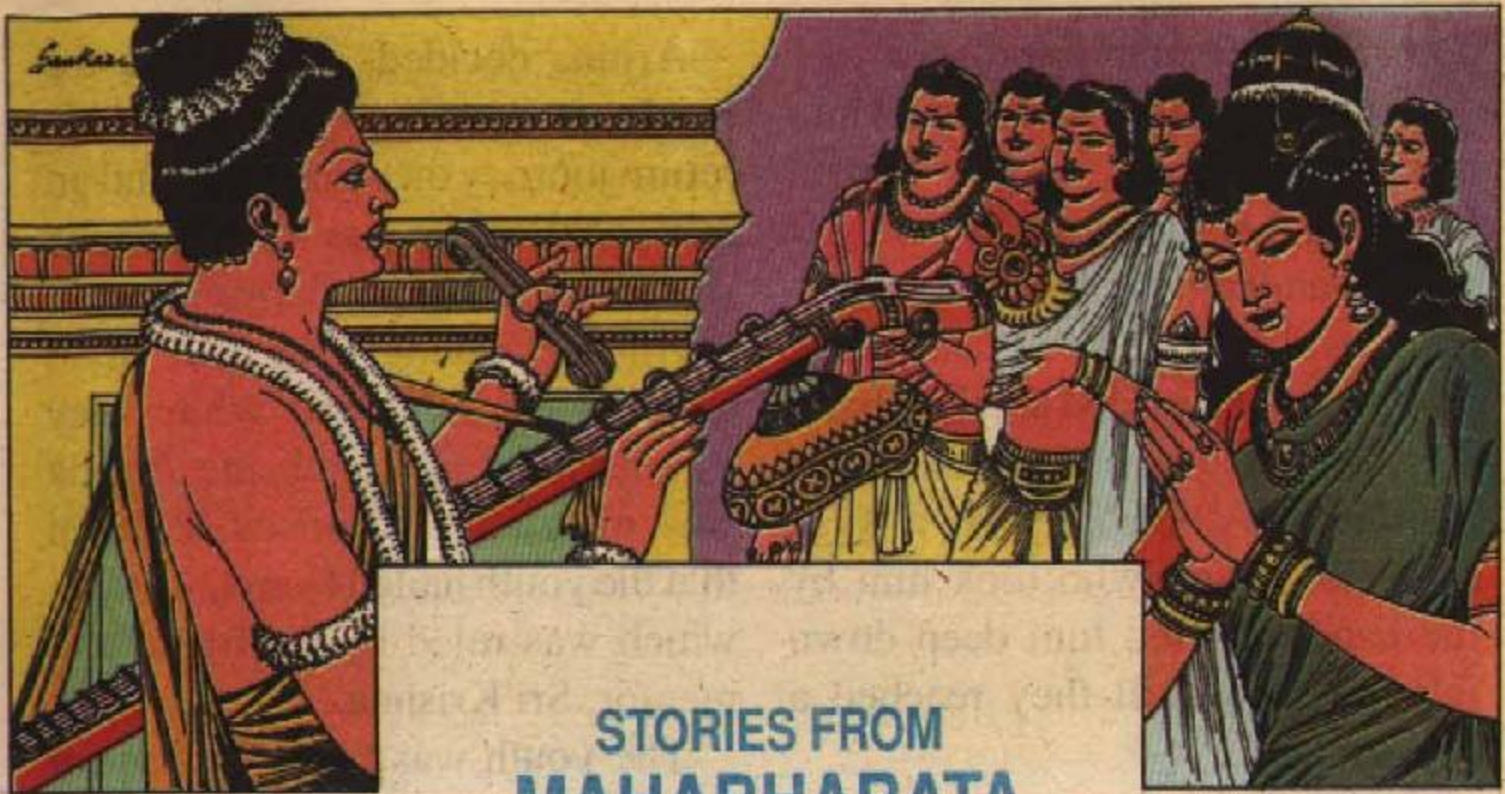
ing his short rule under socialist Mitterand, he took credit for lowering the unemployment rate though, according to his critics, the number of unemployed workers had only risen from 3,000,000 to 3,300,000. Mr. Balladur was himself a candidate for the Presidency this time, but was defeated even in the first round held on April 23. He then resigned from Prime Ministership. President Chirac on May 17 chose the erstwhile Foreign Minister, Mr. Alain Juppe, as his Prime Minister.

Sixty-two year-old Jacques Chirac was himself Prime Minister of France twice during his 30-year political career—between 1974 and 1976, and between 1986 and 1988. Earlier, he was Agriculture Minister, when he promoted apple export, making France the second biggest exporter of apples. He was Mayor of Paris when he offered his candidature for the post of President and chose apple as his election symbol.

"Chirac is going to change things!" cried the joyous crowd after the May 10 election victory. And he responded by saying, "Our principal battle has a name: the struggle against unemployment."







## STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

### *The story so far .....*

*The Pandava princes, sons of the late King Pandu, overcome many dangers created for them by the insane jealousy of Duryodhana and his brothers, sons of Pandu's brother, blind King Dhritarashtra. Eventually, through the advice of Bhishma, Drona, and Vidura, the Pandava princes, together with their mother, Kunti, and their consort, Draupadi, are invited to return to Hastinapura, when King Dhritarashtra divided the kingdom. The Pandava princes are given the western half of the kingdom on the river Jumna, where they build a new capital named Indraprastha.*

**Y**udhishtira, the eldest of the five sons of Pandu, and now King of Indraprastha, ruled his kingdom with glory.

The great sage Narada visited Indraprastha in the early days of the new kingdom, to meet the Pandava princes and their queen-mother, Kunti.

The great sage gave them sound

advice regarding the duties of kings and princes, and the rules of ethics and justice. The Pandavas followed his instructions and lived in a very virtuous way.

Their subjects were very happy. With a king like Yudhishtira, they felt immensely proud. They decided to live in tune with the nature of their rulers. There was peace in the king-

## 9. THE EXILE AND WANDERINGS OF ARJUNA



dom. People began to prosper.

Arjuna now decided to travel into unknown lands, away from Indraprastha, for a year.

He wandered far across the country. Coming to the river Ganga one afternoon, he decided to take a bath. No sooner had he entered the water than he was confronted by a Naga princess, Ulupi, who took him by the hand, and led him deep down into the water till they reached a strange land.

Arjuna married her and lived there for a year. When he took his leave, the Naga princess bestowed upon him the power to defeat any power that existed in water.

Arjuna decided, it was time for him to return to Indraprastha. On his return journey the rains came and on one occasion, he was forced to take shelter under an old banyan tree.

Another young man also stood beneath the tree, and while they awaited the storm to subside, Arjuna was pleasantly surprised to learn that the youth hailed from Dwaraka, which was ruled by his friend and mentor, Sri Krishna.

The youth was full of praise for the Yadavas, and especially for Subhadra, sister of Krishna. The princess, spoken of in such glowing terms, aroused Arjuna's curiosity, and he decided to break his journey





and visit Dwaraka, the capital of the Yadavas, and pay his respects to Krishna and his sister.

When he reached Dwaraka, no one, excepting Sri Krishna, could recognise Prince Arjuna, in his guise as a wandering holy man.

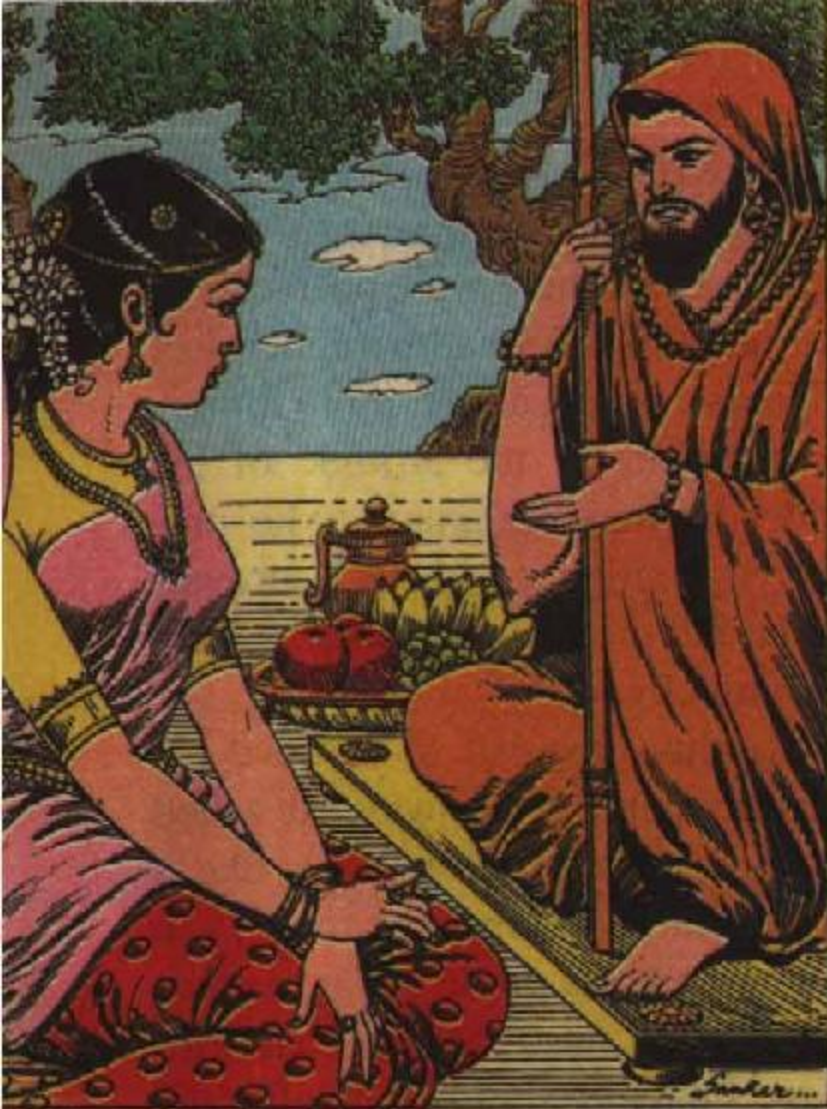
Arjuna was overjoyed when he saw Princess Subhadra. The youth he had met had certainly not exaggerated her beauty, and although he had known the princess when she visited Hastinapura as a young girl, she had now grown into a woman of surpassing loveliness. Arjuna lost his heart to the fair princess, and took the first opportunity to confide in Krishna his desire to marry her.

Sri Krishna was overjoyed at the prospect of such a marriage, but he realised that there were obstacles to be met. First, Subhadra might reject Arjuna's proposal, but more important would be the attitude of his elder brother, Balarama, who preferred an alliance with the Kauravas, as he felt the Pandava princes were an unlucky lot.

Krishna decided to achieve his objective in a clever way. He asked Arjuna to continue to look like a holy man, and arranged for him to be housed in a garden near the palace. Krishna also arranged that Princess Subhadra should look after the needs and comforts of this holy







man.

The princess, who was deeply attracted to the holy man, welcomed the excuse for spending a lot of her time in his company. One day, she asked him: "In your wanderings, have you ever visited Indraprastha, and met the Pandava princes?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Arjuna with a smile. "I've often been the welcome guest of King Yudhishtira."

"Then, tell me," asked Subhadra, "have you met Prince Arjuna?"

Arjunasadly shook his head. "Poor fellow, I understand he went into exile for a year. But I did hear a rumour that he may even now be in

this city in the garb of a holy man."

Princess Subhadra gasped with delight, for she realised that the holy man was none other Prince Arjuna. With a gay smile, she said, "When you meet him, please tell him that I would very much like to see my prince again."

Somehow, the story soon circulated that Prince Arjuna was in Dwaraka, with the purpose of marrying Princess Subhadra. Sri Krishna, to avoid any unpleasantness with his brother Balarama, announced a twelve day festival at Antardvipa, a large island some distance away from Dwaraka.

When the princess heard of this, she ran to her brother in anguish, fearing that she was to be parted from Arjuna.

"Fear nothing, dear sister," said Krishna smiling. "I shall leave you here in good company. And I will attend your marriage when the day arrives."

The marriage of Princess Subhadra and Prince Arjuna was arranged in secrecy. As everyone was away for the island festival, a problem arose as to who would be present at the wedding ceremony.

Arjuna decided to invoke Lord Indra, his divine protector. When he





made the sacrifice and the invocation, the Lord arrived with his consort, Sachi. The god was also accompanied by sages Vasishta and Narada. Then, just before the wedding ceremony, Sri Krishna presented himself with his mother, Devaki, and his consort, Rukmini.

When Balarama heard of the marriage, he was livid with anger. Calling a council of war, he accused Arjuna of treachery, and demanded that the Yadavas declare war and wipe out these accursed Pandava princes.

"Brother," said Sri Krishna in a gentle tone, "you speak in anger. We cannot undo this marriage, and bloodshed is no answer. If, as you demand, we were to destroy the Pandava princes, it would mean life long grief and suffering for our own

beloved sister."

All the elders among the Yadavas could see the wisdom of Sri Krishna's words and they managed to persuade Balarama to accept and bless the marriage.

In due course, Arjuna took his bride to Indraprastha. The loveliness of Princess Subhadra and her sweetness won the hearts of everyone.

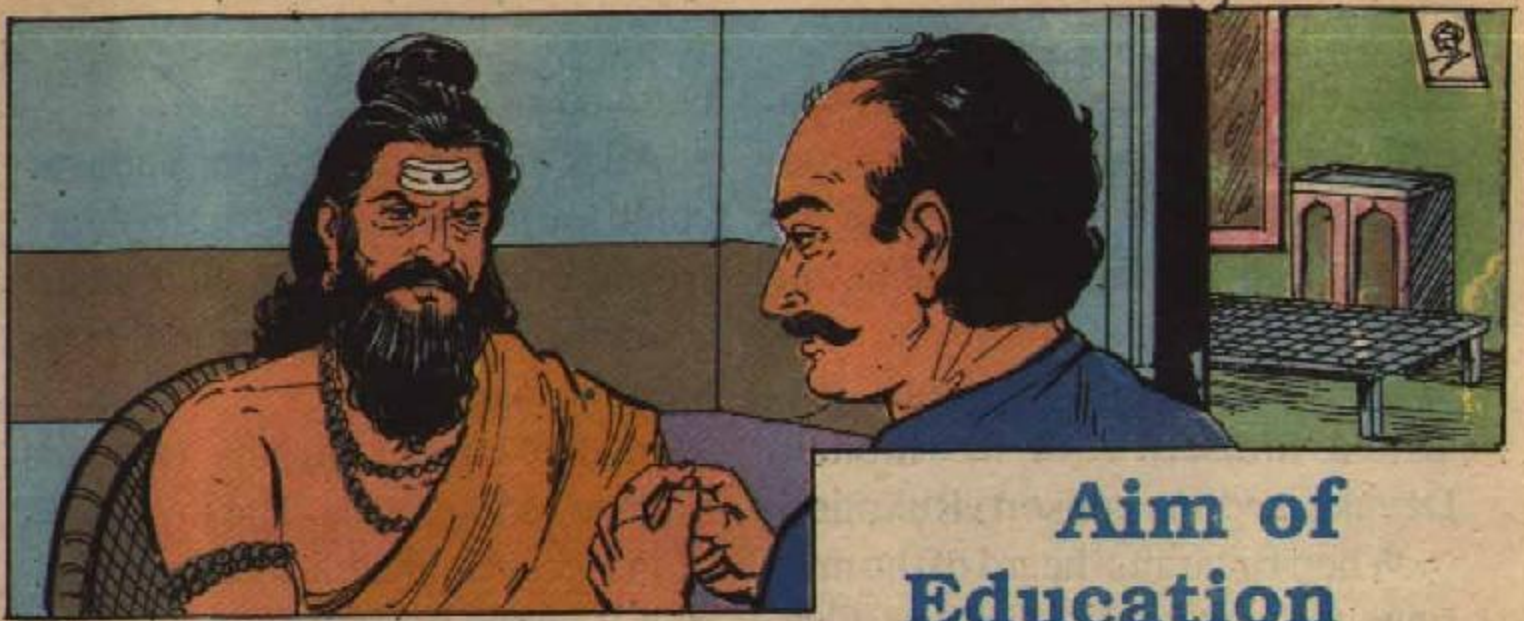
Soon afterwards the Yadava princes arrived at Indraprastha with gifts for the happy couple, and this led to a stronger bond of friendship between the Yadavas and the Pandavas.

In course of time, Subhadra bore a son. He was named Abhimanyu, or the fearless. He was destined to become a great warrior, like his father.

**(To continue)**







## Aim of Education

**R**ajgopal of Rajgiri wished that his two sons went for higher studies, rather than join him in his business. The elder son, Rajratnam, would quickly grasp whatever he read; he would not forget anything that he heard just once. And he was able to repeat all that without any difficulty - however hard the matter was. The younger one, Rajmohan, on the other hand, would want to learn more about any subject that he read once. If he did not understand anything, he would seek clarifications from some dictionary, encyclopaedia, or other reference books. He would not be easily satisfied.

One day, Rajgopal had a visitor. His name was Gnanamurthi. He was running a *gurukul* in his *ashram*, and was now in search of students who could be chosen for his school. He had heard about the sons of wealthy

Rajgopal.

He confided in the sage and gave him an idea of the kind of talents his sons exhibited. "I really wish that both of them studied well and became great intellectuals. But there is a problem. One of them has to take over my business from me in my absence. So, he can be trained to look after my business, while the other can grow to be an intellectual."

Gnanamurthi called Rajratnam and asked him what he had learnt till then. The boy had no difficulty in repeating all that he had studied. The sage was surprised when he could even tell Gnanamurthi the names of the books and the page numbers from where he was reciting from memory.

The sage put Rajmohan to a similar test. He found that the boy had read very many books but had learnt



by heart only those portions that had attracted him. But he was able to explain their meanings to Gnanamurthi. "I can't by-heart all that I read - like Rajratnam. I learn only what I really need," said Rajmohan.

Gnanamurthi told Rajagopal that he would better allow his elder son to join him in the trade. "Let Rajmohan study further. He'll make a good *pundit*. Anyway, I propose to take both of them to my ashram, and send them back after some days. Tell me, is anyone in your family afflicted by any ailment? If so, I shall treat them before I go."

Rajgopal's family was a large one. Everybody had one complaint or another to mention of. Gnanamurthi gave them suitable medicines. Rajgopal's mother had a peculiar ailment. The moment she were to see a cat, she would get a headache. It would subside once the cat ran away! Gnanamurthi wrote down the treatment and handed the palmyrah leaf to Rajgopal. "Read it at night and understand what I've written. Tell me tomorrow what you've understood. Don't tell anybody else." Gnanamurthi had two palmyrah manuscripts which he gave to Rajratnam and Rajmohan. "These



are medical treatises. Read them tonight."

The next day, Rajgopal told Gnanamurthi that he was unable to understand anything. "O revered one! Unfortunately I don't know Sanskrit.

Rajratnam said he had read the manuscript and then went on to repeat it line by line. "Wonderful!" remarked Gnanamurthi. "And you did it after reading it just once!" He turned to Rajmohan.

"I found it tough going," said the boy. "But I found a portion where my grandmother's illness has been described. With the help of a dictio-



nary, I was able to understand its meaning. I feel confident that I can cure grandmother of her illness."

"Rajratnam read the entire manuscript and could retain everything in memory," observed Gnanamurthi. "But he did not understand what is written in it. He'll only shine in business. He'll have all figures by heart. So, I shall teach him all tricks of the trade in my ashram."

"I would like to become an intellectual," said Rajmohan. Gnanamurthi looked at him. He was not surprised.

"What you said about my son is correct," said Rajgopal. "Figures and numerals are important in trade and business, and one has to remember all the figures and cannot afford to forget anything. I think Rajratnam is capable of all that. But he can only repeat them, without understanding their importance. That's why he was

unable to find what is written about his grandmother's illness. He's only fit to become a trader. On the other hand, Rajmohan is capable of understanding what he reads. He can shine as a pundit, an intellectual."

A few days later, both Rajratnam and Rajmohan left for Gnanamurthi's ashram. Before they went away, they were happy to see their grandmother cured of her ailment. She could now face a cat without getting a headache. After a year's study in the ashram, the two youngsters came back home. Soon Rajratnam was a successful businessman, while Rajmohan was in great demand whenever people wanted their disputes to be settled, or their domestic problems solved.

Each person should be brought up according to their tastes and talents. Then only will they be successful in life later.





## The Temple Tree

What is your power of observation? Even when it is not keen or acute, a few trees have flowers so vivid that they arrest your attention though you may not be looking for them. One such is the most familiar and extensively grown Temple tree. A must in any temple garden, its exotic flowers spread a beautiful carpet under the shade of the tree almost throughout the year. Hindus use the flowers in worship. To both Buddhists and Muslims, the tree is a symbol of immortality because of its extraordinary power of bringing out leaves and flowers even when it is uprooted. For this reason we find it planted near graveyards where every day the fresh creamy blooms fall on the tombs. It is, therefore, also known as the 'Tree of Life'.

It is a low spreading tree reaching upto just 6m in height. It has a crooked stem. An injury to any part of the tree causes a copious flow of a white latex-like juice. *Frangi Pani* is the commonest name for these trees. There are three interesting explanations for this name. Some say it is from the Hindi "Firangi Paneer" (western cheese). The second explanation is that a wounded tree produces a milky sap called by the French settlers as "frangi panier" which means coagulated milk. A third explanation is that an Italian nobleman, by combining a number of volatile oils, produced a strong perfume similar to that of this tree. So they called the tree "frangipani" after him. In Hindi it is called *Chameli* or *Gulechin*, in Assamese *Golanchi*. In Tamil it is called *Kallimandarai*, Telugu *Nuluvarahalu*, Kannada *Kadu Sampige*, Marathi *Khairchampa*, Oriya *Goluchi*, and in Bengali *Gorur Champa*. The Sanskrit is *Kshira Champa* meaning milky Champa.

The leaves are big, tapering at both ends and quite distinctive due to prominent parallel veins. They are borne in crowded spirals at the end of the long branches. In bloom the branches look like a sky rocket sparkling with silvery flowers. The fruits appear as two horn-like pods, though the tree rarely fruits or seeds in India.

The tree is highly valued for ornamental planting and for its medicinal properties.





# UDDALAKA



One of the great seers of the ancient times, who ably explained the Vedas to his disciples, was Uddalaka. He is more popularly known as Aruni, because his father's name was Aruna.

Uddalaka lived with his *guru*, Sage Dhaumya in his *ashram*, close to a forest and a lake. He was one of the best students of Dhaumya. He mastered the scriptures and learnt the rituals with deep concentration and sincerity.

One night, it was raining rather

heavily. Near the lake the ashram had a plot of land. It was teeming with lush green crop. The guru feared that the lake might overflow and submerge the crop. He wondered what to do about it.

"Master, kindly allow me to go and check the situation," said young Aruni.

The rain had subsided by then, so the guru consented to Aruni paying a visit to the field.

Aruni reached the spot, holding a burning bunch of twigs for a torch. He saw that there had been a small breach on the embankment between the lake and the plot of land. Water from the lake had started flowing into the land. Already the land had enough water. More was not good for the crop.

Aruni tried to repair the breach by throwing handfuls of earth on it. But the flow was only growing stronger. The earth was washed away as soon as Aruni tried to close the breach.



There was no time to lose, for, the breach was likely to widen. Aruni lay down on the spot, closing the breach. It was awfully cold and soon there was another shower. He fainted.

Sage Dhaumya was waiting anxiously for Aruni to come back and report to him. As there was much delay, he set out, accompanied by a few other disciples, to see what the matter was.

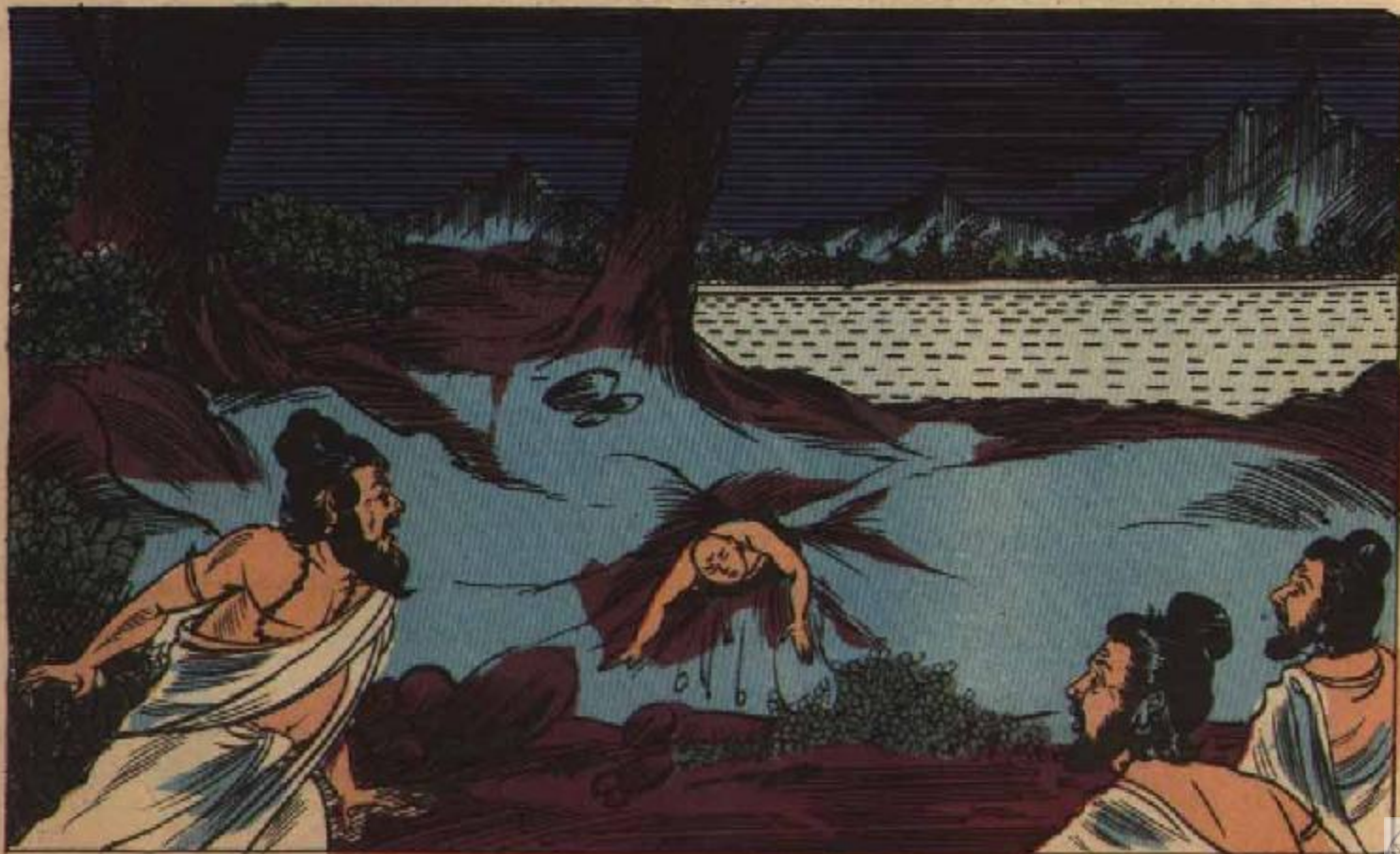
Dawn was breaking out when they reached the embankment and found out what Aruni had done. The disciples immediately began repairing the breach and

the guru lifted Aruni and carried him to the Ashram. There, beside a fire, Aruni regained consciousness.

The guru looked at him with admiration and said, "Aruni, to-day you have proved that your education has been completed."

The guru said so because even though Aruni had become a scholar, he had no hesitation in doing a gross physical work when that was necessary. Aruni's gesture also showed his humility and his exemplary sense of duty.

Uddalaka or Aruni later became a famous guru himself.





# DO YOU KNOW?

1. If you wish to visit the Khajuraho temples, which State will you go to?
2. Who is credited with building the first underwater ship?
3. Which is heavier, cream or milk?
4. Which is the holy book of the Sikhs?
5. Who is the youngest man to be awarded the Nobel Prize?
6. Where is the stadium called Salt Lake situated?
7. Who first discovered the vaccine against rabies?
8. Every animal in the cat family has a protective covering for its claws - except one. Which?
9. Which country introduced the calendar system first?
10. Where in India is the annual Nehru Boat Race held?
11. A city is built on 13 islands and is, therefore, called 'City of Water'. Name the city.
12. Can you name the first of the Peshwas?
13. On which river is Rome situated?
14. What is the name of the first ever spaceship? When was it launched?
15. Who was the world Chess champion ten years ago?
16. How fast can a bat fly?
17. What was Thailand's old name?
18. The female blackbird has a different colour. Which?
19. How long can a whale stay under water without coming up for air?
20. What is the currency of China?

## ANSWERS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Madhya Pradesh                            | 11. Stockholm                           |
| 2. Cornelius van Drebbel                     | 12. Balaji Viswanath, who ruled 1713-20 |
| 3. Milk                                      | 13. The Tiber                           |
| 4. Adi Granth. Also called the Granth Sahib  | 14. Sputnik I, in 1957                  |
| 5. William Lawrence Bragg                    | 15. Anatoly Karpov                      |
| 6. In Calcutta                               | 16. Nearly 60km an hour                 |
| 7. Louis Pasteur                             | 17. Siam                                |
| 8. Cheetah                                   | 18. Brown                               |
| 9. Egypt                                     | 19. 20 minutes                          |
| 10. In Punnamunda, near Alleppey, in Kerala. | 20. Yuan                                |





# KING RAGHAVENDRA



*(King Raghavendra of Kanaka is full of remorse after he is cursed by a brahmin boy for his in-human behaviour. Sage Yogananda, sent by Chitrasena, ruler of neighbouring Chanda, gives him courage to meet his fate. There is a sudden transformation in him, and he takes greater interest in the welfare of his subjects. However, he is conscious of the effect of the curse on him and wonders whether he can request the brahmin boy to take back the curse. But where is he?)*

**K**ing Raghavendra was keen to meet the brahmin boy who had bound him by a curse. He wished to find out whether he could be of any help to the boy's beleaguered family. He asked his men to make extensive enquiries and was told that the boy, Ramayya, had lost his mother soon after his birth, he was brought up by his father and was very much attached towards him, and that immediately after his death under tragic circumstances, the boy had left Kanaka and not been seen in the kingdom for many days.

When everything was going smooth in the kingdom of Kanaka, one day the king had some visitors. They were a group of wandering sages. After taking their blessings, he asked them what their mission was. "O King!" one of them said. "As you know, all the neighbouring kingdoms have one famous temple or another. Chanda is famous for its Kali temple; to the east lies the kingdom of Mansi, where people flock to worship at the Vishnu temple. To the north is the renowned temple of Lord Siva and Parvati; and in the







south is the glorious temple of Rama's greatest devotee, Hanuman. Only Kanaka has no such temple where people can go and offer worship. In your kingdom, your majesty, there are many devotees of Ganesha. Unfortunately there is no temple for the Lord who is the remover of all obstacles. We have come to request you to build a temple for Ganesha. We're sure you and your descendants would certainly receive the Lord's blessings."

King Raghavendra had been worried about his family ever since Ramayya had cursed him of an early death from an ailment which would

not have a cure. And his doomsday was approaching fast. If a temple would at least benefit his descendants, what more could he ask for or wish for when his own fate had been sealed? He promptly agreed to the sages' suggestion. "O revered ones! As you know, I'm under the spell of a curse. I've only another month to live. So, I don't know whether I would be able to construct such a temple before my death. If anyone of you can suggest a way out, I'll be grateful to you for ever."

"That is not impossible, O King!" said the seniormost among the sages. "Now that you've accepted our request, we shall grant you some powers. Whoever is involved in the work of construction of this temple will be endowed with such extra energy that it will be possible for them to do the work very speedily. Only, the workers would not take a rest once they start construction."

Raghavendra arranged for an announcement to be made, and soon people came forward offering their services. Queen Savitri was elated on hearing the news and she took pains to design the temple with the help of architects brought from the neighbouring kingdom of Chanda, where King Chitrasena had been





happily watching the transformation that had come over his bosom friend. Brick by brick, pillar by pillar, the temple rose on the horizon.

Raghavendra was very excited about the temple and made it a point to visit the site every day to ensure that the work progressed smoothly and fast. The workers, aware of the king's enthusiasm, worked day and night to complete the construction well ahead of the target date. Suddenly, the king's health deteriorated. He had intermittent fever and lost his appetite. As a result, in a few days time, he became feeble and fragile. The physicians of Kanaka examined him and diagnosed that he was suffering from acute indigestion. However, all their medicines failed to give him relief. Evidently, the curse of the brahmin boy had started working on him. Raghavendra was no longer able to supervise the construction work.

Though the king did not reveal his feelings, he was now a heart broken man inside. He did not want to die so soon just when he had fully realised the various responsibilities of a king towards his subjects. And what about his family? His wife was too young to bear the loss of a husband if it were to come about. And



what could the young prince, Raghu, do without the moral support of his father? All these thoughts troubled him, especially when he was alone.

King Chitrasena visited him and spoke soothing words to his friend. People flocked to meet him and suggest various medicines for his ailment. The king was deeply moved by their love and affection and realised, though late, the need to lead a virtuous life.

At last, just four days before the 'accursed' day arrived, the temple was completed much to the joy of the king. He wanted Sage Yogananda to perform the consecration cer-





emony. He sent his messengers to inform the sage of his last wish. Much to his ecstasy, Yogananda gladly accepted the invitation and sent word that he would reach Kanaka the next evening. Raghavendra arranged for a grand feast in the temple after the consecration and invited all his subjects and the rulers of the neighbouring kingdoms to watch the spectacular event. He also wanted Ramayya to attend the feast and sent his men again to search for him. People appreciated his gesture. All of them prayed and hoped that the brahmin boy would return and take back the curse so that their king would live for many more years.

However, the king's men failed to trace the boy. Raghavendra could not guess where, all of a sudden, the boy had vanished. However, he removed the thoughts of Ramayya from his mind for the time being and concentrated on the grand event to come.

The next day, all the royal guests arrived on time, while sage Yogananda reached Kanaka just when the sun was about to set. On seeing him, the king who could not even stand up without help suddenly gathered strength. He prostrated at his feet and took his blessings. They embraced each other lovingly. The king's eyes were filled with tears of





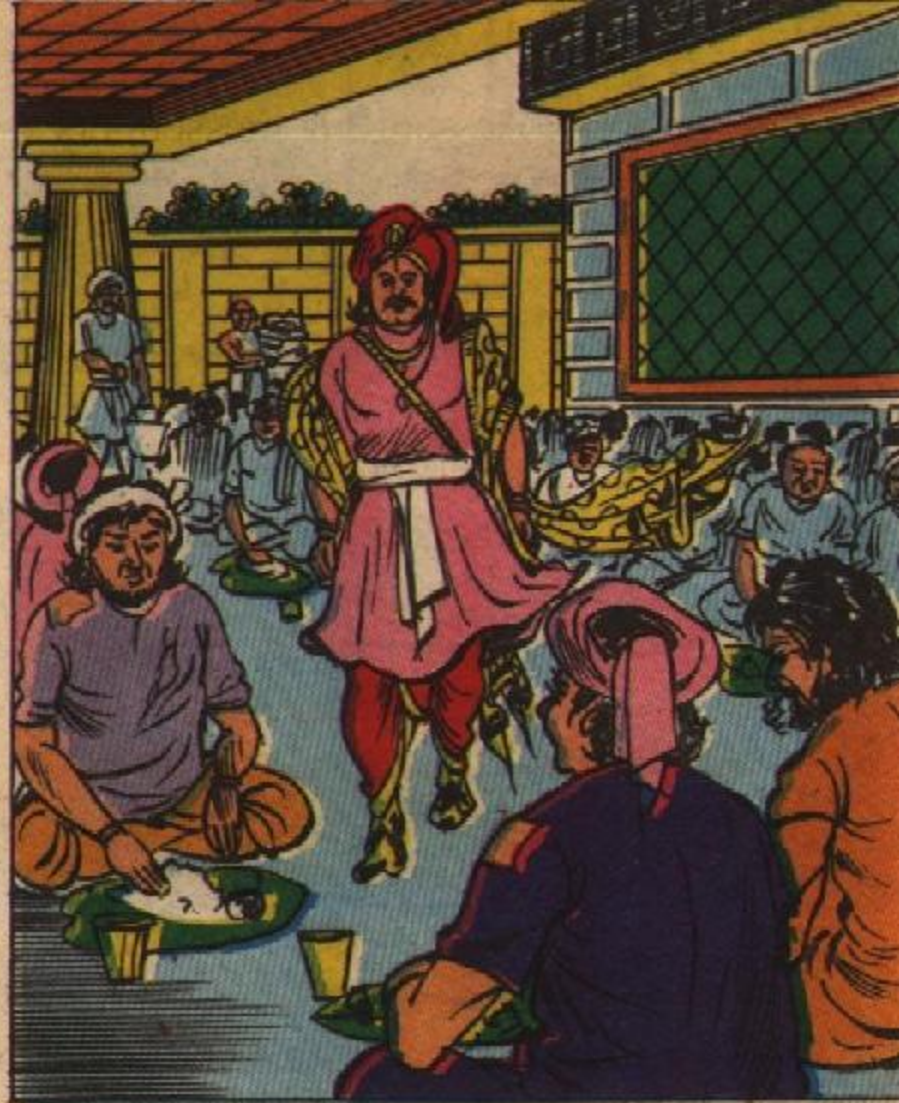
joy on meeting the holy sage. In fact, he had never expected to see Yogananda again in his life. "How's your health now? You seem to be quite hale and hearty. Isn't he?" asked the sage turning to the others present there.

They all replied in a chorus, "Yes!" Chitrasena made the king sit on a couch and Yogananda sat beside him. "I feel much better, O revered guru. Your very presence has given me all relief."

The sage gave an endearing smile. "The famous physician Kamejana of Kamadini is well known for curing even incurable diseases. I wanted to bring him along, but as luck would have it, the king there is also seriously ill. Therefore, he just couldn't come along. But don't worry, he'll be here soon, as he expects his king to get well soon."

Raghavendra could not hide his happiness and clasped the sage's hand in delight.

Everybody soon gathered at the temple. Raghavendra was helped by Chitrasena to walk up to the temple. He handed the keys of the temple to Yogananda who, then, opened the huge carved doors and went inside. To the blowing of conches, the sage prostrated before the idol and began



the rituals. A beautifully carved Ganesha was seen standing and blessing his devotees. On either side were two female figures pouring water from golden pots. After Yogananda completed the rituals, he distributed *prasad*, first to King Raghavendra and then to all the others present there.

The feast that followed was conducted on a grand scale. The king was elated on seeing the contented and happy faces of the people. In his own happiness, he forgot all about his illness and appeared fresh and enthusiastic.

The next day, all the royal guests





took leave of Raghavendra, except Chitrasena. He could easily read the sorrowful thoughts going on in the king's mind and did not want to leave him alone in his hour of gloom. He also managed to delay Yogananda's return to his *ashram*. He wanted the sage to be by the side of Raghavendra as the day of reckoning neared.

That day and the next day passed by, still there was no sign of physician Kamejana. King Raghavendra had become so thin from his illness that even his most dreaded enemy would have taken pity on him, merely seeing his frail condition. He had

high fever and headache, and was unable to eat any food. Everyone felt it would do the king a world of good if death took him away and freed him from this torment. Queen Savitri wanted to appeal to Yogananda to save her ailing husband, but the king stopped her from doing so. He knew only too well that even the great sage was helpless in this matter as he was destined to suffer the curse due to this own misdeed.

Then came the day which was supposed to be the last day on the earth for King Raghavendra. Early morning, Kamejana reached the Kanaka. Everyone was filled with great hope for their king. They expected Kamejana to do a miracle that day. After a brief examination, it did not take long for the physician to confirm that it was acute indigestion the king was suffering from. He also got to know the treatment he had received from the physicians of Kanaka. "There's a herb called 'Sugandha', which alone can cure this illness. Its very smell will drive away the disease from the body and the patient will get instant relief. Since all other medicines have failed, I recommend that herb to be tried. However, it's not so easy to get this herb. It grows only in the hermitage





of Sage Damana."

The very mention of Damana sent a shiver through everybody present there, as he was known for his rage. "I learn that your curse will take effect once dusk falls and so I would like to have that herb before the sun sets."

Raghavendra was unwilling to send anyone to the hermitage, as he felt it would be a hazard to face an angry sage. He might even curse anyone who asked for the herb! The king turned to Yogananda. "Is it necessary, at all, O guru, when death is round the corner? Where's the need to go to Damana and ask for the herb?"

"O King! You may be right. But remember! Just as a king has his duties and responsibilities towards his subjects, his subjects, too, have certain duties towards their ruler. A

kingdom would face a crisis if it has no ruler and so the people should be ready even to lay down their lives for their king. It is not your death alone that is impending, Raghavendra. Death is inevitable for everybody. The only difference is, you feel you will die today, while others feel their end would come any day. Therefore, waste no time, O King! Send your men immediately to get the herb. Who knows, fate has something else in store for you!"

Hearing these words of wisdom, the king sent for one of his trusted guards, Suman, and told him what to do. Kamejana gave him a description of the herb, in case the need arose to identify the plant. Yogananda told the guard, "Suman, I've to tell you something."

**- To continue**





Say "Hello" to text books and friends  
'Cause School days are here again  
Have a great year and all the best  
From Wobbit, Coon and the rest!







It's time to go back to school again. Time for text  
books. Time for games. Time to meet old friends.  
And make new ones. Time to start studying  
again. Because there's so much to learn about  
the world around you.

From all of us here at Chandamama, have a  
great year in school. And remember to tell us  
what you've learnt everyday, when you  
come home from school !



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# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mahantesh C. Morabad



Mahantesh C. Morabad

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? You may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Prize for April '95 goes to :-

**M.T. Sampath Kumaran,**  
1758, 4 (D) Cross Road,  
H.A.L. 3rd Stage,  
Bangalore - 560 075.

The winning entry : "BIRDS DIVINE", PLACE DIVINE"

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## PICKS FROM THE WISE

Where the Press (newspapers) is free, and every man is able to read, all is safe.

- Thomas Jefferson

Power is the best sort of eloquence.

- Schiller

He who strives never perishes.

- Mahatma Gandhi







# What a miracle!

IT WAS A PLEASANT EVENING. SONU WAS RETURNING HOME FROM SCHOOL. SUDDENLY THERE WAS A GUST OF WIND. A FLYING-SAUCEER FLEW DOWN FROM THE SKY AND STOPPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF SONU.

A VERY SHORT CREATURE APPEARED FROM IT AND ASKED SONU...

"WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?"

"B.B... BUT WHO ARE YOU?"

"I HAVE COME FROM MARS TO MAKE FRIENDS HERE."

BEFORE SONU REALISED, HE HAD AGREED.

"ALL RIGHT"

"OK! SO, HERE'S TO OUR FRIENDSHIP! A MIRACLE FROM YOUR EARTH WHICH IS VERY DEAR TO ME."

"MIRACLE?"

"OF COURSE! A MANGO-TREAT WITH NO SKIN, NO SEED."

"MANGO? IN WINTER? OH! I CAN'T WAIT!"

"OK FRIEND, OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE, CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHT AND ENJOY MY FAVOURITE MANGOBITE."

"WOW! MANGOBITE!"

SONU WAS REALLY THRILLED. HIS FAVOURITE MANGOBITE WAS ALSO A FAVOURITE ON MARS!

AS SOON AS SONU PUT THE MANGOBITE INTO HIS MOUTH, HIS NEW FRIEND GAVE HIM A BOX FULL OF MANGOBITES, AND FLEW OFF SCREAMING, "SEE YOU SOON!"



**PARLE**  
**mango bite**